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THE PARENT HOUSE OF THE (ESTABLISHED 1814.)

Sole Appointment to Her Majesty, by Appointment to H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Contractors to H.M. Government and Makers of the Table selected by the Billiard Association of Great Britain, and adopted by them as the "Standard."

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#### CARTER'S THRIXALINE

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A Fashionable Black Silk Luce Fichu, 12 yards long, 31 inches wide, with

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# PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

21/6 Direct from the Looms at Factory Prices. CARRIAGE PAID. (Regd.) 21/6

Lot No. 628—Contains 1 Pair Choice Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yes long, 2 yes, wide; 1 Ornate Pair Dining-room, 3 yes, by 54 in.; 1 Beautiful Pair Sitting-room, 3 yes, by 48 in.; 1 lovely Pair Bedroom, 3 yes, 1 Swiss Antimacassar; 6 yes, Fine Lace; 1 Lace Handkerchief; 1 D'Oyley; 12 yes, Washing Lace; 12 yes, Back Yell Net. All Curtains Taped. Ecru if desired. Superior decorative additions to any house. Prize Medal and Highest Award, Chicago, 1898. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned. Send for 1894 Price List (post free) with 200 Illustrations of Lace Curtains, Laces, Silk Flouncings, Mantle Capes, Roller Blinds, &c. P.O.O.'s payable to 3. PEACH & SONB, Lister Gate, Nottingham. Established 1857. Beware of Imitators.

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Best Blood Purifier known. Highest Testimonials. Endorsed by Eminent Medical Authorities. No change of diet required.

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The ONLY STRETCHER whereby the tension is obtained by means of a screwed red.



Separate
Stretchers are
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# NON SHOE COMPANY SINGLE PAIRS SOLD.

Write for Price List containing over 200 Illustrations post free.

Pointed, medium or square toes.



Sizes and h-lf sizes.

Glace kid to button or lace, 8/11, 10/9, 16/9.

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Terms Cash with order. Carriage paid on British letter orders.

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Awarded Gold Medal, Dublin, 1892.

JOHN CRAWFORD, Wholesale Spirit Merchant, LARNE, IRELAND. ESTABLISHED 1839.

## MR. SPURGEON'S GARDENER.

Speaking of the great preacher, a former gardener of his says: "Mr. Spurgeon was one of the most genial and pleasant of men. Although known all over the world, he never put on any of the airs of a great man. He was on a level with the people in sympathy and feeling, which helped to give him his vast influence for good. He would often come into the garden and talk to me about the flowers, especially asking if I understood their Latin names. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and one had to call up all his wits to discuss the subject with him."

Branching off on a topic more personal to himself, the gardener (Mr. James Fuller) continued: My calling ought to be, and is, a healthy one, but no man can ever tell when and why illness may come. Up to February, 1888, I was strong and well. Then I found my appetite failing me, and my tongue looked like a piece of brown leather. What little I ate gave me pain in the chest and sides, and I had also diarrhœa with severe griping pains. My hands and feet were cold and clammy; indeed, I felt cold all over my body.

"About a week later I had an attack of rheumatic fever. At first this took me in the hips and shoulders and then spread to every joint, and I went to bed and sent for a doctor. For weeks I was in great agony and helpless as a baby—not able to move hand or foot. Outward applications gave but little relief. I was harassed by a dry, hacking cough, with much retching and straining to raise the phlegm. I was in this state for over two months, during which time four doctors prescribed for me, but nothing did me any real good.

"One of these physicians, after sounding me, said: 'Fuller, your ailment is the first stage of consumption.'

"He was mistaken, however.

"Some time later I went to the Great Homer Street Hospital, where I received every attention, and several doctors took great interest in my case. My stomach was so weak that for some time I was put on starvation diet. After a while I left the hospital, the doctors saying they had done all they could for me. In a weak, emaciated condition I returned home. After a few

days' rest I went to Freckenham, near Newmarket, to see if my native air would help me. Arriving there I became so bad I could barely walk, my cough and the spitting all the time getting worse, and my breathing short and hurried.

"Despondent and feeble enough by now I went to Bury St. Edmunds, and consulted a celebrated specialist who gave me medicines, but held out no hope of my recovery.

"Time ran along until June, 1888, when I heard some of my Freekenham friends speak so highly of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup that I determined to try it. In four days I found relief. My appetite returned, food agreed with me, and I gained strength fast. My cough and the other troublesome symptoms soon left me. Having taken the Syrup for a few weeks I was able to return to Norwood and go to work. One old friend who called to see me was astonished, and said to my wife, 'Well, well; I should not have been surprised to hear that your husband was dead.' Thirteen years ago I came to Norwood as gardener to the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and lived at the lodge, Westwood House. I tell every one that I am indebted for my life to Seigel's Syrup."

Mr. Fuller's present address is 42, Queen's Road, Crown Hill, Upper Norwood, near London.

On this short, clear statement only little comment is called for. In the first place it must be distinctly understood that Mr. Fuller did not have consumption or any other organic lung affection whatever. The symptoms which looked that way arose from the stomach and from nothing else. cough was a "stomach cough," and the short breath was asthma, resulting from a poison in the blood acting upon the nerves which control the lungs. When Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had set the digesting machinery in order, and expelled the impurities from the blood, the alarming portents disappeared as a matter of course. The point is this: Don't give yourself up to die of consumption until you absolutely know you have consumption. The chances are a hundred to one that you have what Mr. Fuller had-indigestion and dyspepsia, which can imitate and counterfeit almost any disease under the sun.

# HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES,

NEW FASHIONABLE SHAPE FOR SPRING, 1894.



A complete revolution in the cost of Garments for Ladies' Wear, being supplied Direct from the Actual Manufacturer to the Wearer, by means of the Parcels Post, at less than half ordinary price. Almost every paper in the United Kingdom has bestowed unlimited praise on these remarkable Costumes, which are

### MADE FROM THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE.

A fabric of great durability and world-wide fame and supplied complete (as illustration) for the ridiculously low price of 10s. 6d. each. Packed in Box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

COLOURS:-Navy, Brown, Grenat, Myrtle, Reseda or Black.

This Sketch illustrates the latest improvements that have been made in the Lady's Half-Guinea Costume, which now consists of the new wide Bell Skirt and improved Blouse Bodice. It is well made throughout, no slop work whatever being allowed. The Bodice is pleated back and front, has full, fashionable sleeves, bound seams and belt; the saddle and sleeves are well lined and

pleated back and front, has full, fashionable sleeves, bound seams and belt; the saddle and sleeves are well lined and it can be worn inside or outside the skirt, which measures 40 inches long and has a deep inside facing of the same material at the bottom, thus ensuring extra advantage in wear. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar

wear. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow Black Russia Braid, the whole thus forming one of the neatest and most serviceable Custumes ever introduced for Ladies' wear. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 inches round the bust under arms. Larger or special sizes made to order at a cost of 1s. 6d. extra.

Don't make any mistake, John Noble's price (10s. 6d.) is not for the mere Dress Length, but for the Complete Costume made up and ready for immediate wear.

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered for public sale, every Frock being well made and carefully finished, with saddle top, long full sleeves, belt and pocket (as illustration).

Being loose fitting they thus allow ample room for development of the limbs, and are offered at such low prices that most ladies would refuse to make the frocks for the money even if the materials were supplied free. Please consider

Price 1/6 2/- 2/6 3/- 3/6 4/- 4/6 5/- 5/6 each.

Postage 42d. extra. Every Purchaser delighted.

The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

If you have a young girl just try a Knockabout Frock; nothing could be better for school or regular wear, and if the frock fails to please cash will be promptly refunded.

# The John Noble Cheviot Serge (REGIST)

is undoubtedly the most successful Serge yet introduced at a low price for Ladies' and Children's wear. Many Serges are sold at a similar price, but in almost every

Chasers have been supplied with these Wonderful Costumes by means of the Parcels Post, and a new Showroom has now been opened at 11, Piccadilly, Manchester, for their sale direct to all Ladies who can make it convenient to call at The Warehouse. When visiting Manchester do not fail to call and inspect these marvellous productions.

at a similar price, but in almost every instance there is a peculiar appearance of the surface that stamps them at once as being of common or cheap character. The combination, however, of certain yarns used in the manufacture of the John Noble Cheviot Serge (the outcome of long and careful experiments) has resulted in the perfected production of a fabric that has NEVER BEEN EQUALLED AT THE PRICE; in fact, a Serge that so far as wear and general appearance go, might reasonably be said to be worth anywhere between 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. the yard.

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The Gentlewoman says:—"How he can afford to do it I really cannot imagine, for the Serge is of such capital quality."

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A complete Gymnasium in one machine. Scientifically exercises and develops the muscles, exands the chest, strengthens the lungs, keeps the form erect, makes the body healthy, strong and shapely, and imparts new life and energy to the entire system. Suitable for both sexes at all ages, and adjustable to every degree of strength, Endersed by the medical profession, and enthusiastically recommended by all who have used it.

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OLD VAINLEIGH: Do you suppose anyone would find out if I were to dye my hair ? BARBER: No danger, sir, if you keep it dark.

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ing Ink, two Pads, Box and Brush for 94., post free; with Marking Ink, 1s. 3d.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, with Name Stamp, 64. Nickel Silver Name and Address Stamp, 94. Watch Case, beautifully chased

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Palace (John Bond's Daughter's) Gold Medal Marking Ink Works,
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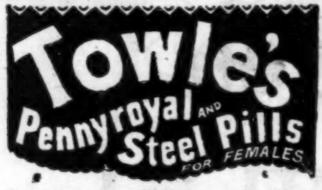
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NURSE : Yes, dear.

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a poor man a bite o' something to eat?

Miss With Erupp (aged thirty-nine): Come in,
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"Californian" possesses qualities that are exceptional and unknown to any other substance. It stands alone in its Antiseptic, Decay-Arresting, Purifying attributes, its safety, readiness for use and its cheapness. It Purifies Water, destroys Fever and all unhealthy germs instantly. It renders Water beautifully clear, sweet and pure—soft for Washing, Cleaning, Purifying and Scouring purposes; especially valuable for Toilet, Bath and Lavatory. Removes all taint, all mustiness, dry rot and other unhealthy changes; makes domestic wares bright and absolutely clean. Keeps Milk sweet, also Fresh Meat, Poultry, Game and Fish; destroys all sourness, removes all taint, prevents waste at once, preserving and improving at the same time the untainted parts. Unrivalled for washing Vegetables and for Cooking purposes. Wherever "Californian" is used it sweetens, purifies and improves. By dusting the skin and rinsing the clothing in Bernx Water all infectious germs are destroyed. In packets 6d., 3d. and 1d. each. Household Directions and valuable Toilet Recipes on each Packet.

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. -VIEW FROM CHRIST CHURCH GATE.

# Rambles Through England.

### A Pilgrimage to Canterbury.

T is indeed difficult nowadays to appreciate the hardele appreciate the hardships and longsuffering of the early pilgrims who wended their way to the holy shrine of Thomas à Becket, in the old Kentish town

of Canterbury.

The facilities of travel which now smooth all difficulties were then undreamt of; for taking our choice of either the South Eastern or London, Chatham and Dover railways, we are in two or three hours enabled to reach the "Mecca" of our journey, which, in the good old days of yore, would probably have occupied as many or more days as it now does hours.

As we are borne swiftly towards our destination, through the smiling Garden of England, as the beautiful County of Kent has been so aptly called, the difference of the then and now appeals more forcibly to our understanding-here, flying over the ground, we are comfortably ensconced in a softly-padded carriage; there, painfully plodding along the dusty, ill-made road, foot sore and, perhaps, famished, the weary pilgrim crawls mile after mile, only his pious zeal hindering him from turning back.

Before proceeding to describe the celebrated Cathedral, let us take a

ramble round the old-fashioned city, with its overhanging houses, many of which still bear signs of their ancient origin. As we leave the London. Chatham and Dover Station, we pass the grey, ivyclad ruins of the Keep of the old Castle, the sole remnant of the once renowned Canterbury Castle.

Close by, a grassy mound surmounted stone pedestal, attracts atten-This mound is called The Dane John: the origin of this name is shrouded in much doubt, one of our most celebrated archæologists considers it to have been the work of the Danes, who threw up this mound in order to facilitate their attack on the city, which was then environed by a wall, remnants of which are still to be seen. The inscription on the pedestal announces that the garden at the foot of the mound was laid out, in the year 1790, by James Simmons, banker and alderman of the city, for a public pleasure ground.

Proceeding through the Cattle Market and Church Street, we presently pass St. Martin's Church, which is supposed to be the oldest existing church in the country, and to have been built on the site of a Roman Temple. We have not time to pause long here, so on again until we see the beautiful gate of St. Augustine's College, which was built in the year 1284. The monastery itself was commenced by St. Augustine and completed in 613. It is said that Queen Elizabeth resided here on one of her royal progresses through the

country.



THE DANE JOHN AND THE CITY WALLS.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE.

Now let us proceed through Mercery Lane, which takes its name from the number of shops therein opened for the disposal of tokens and mercers' goods, to the pilgrims who passed through to Thomas à Becket's Shrine. At the far end of the Lane we see in our illustration Christchurch Gate (erected about 1517), which forms the entrance to the precincts of the Cathedral, or, as it is called, the Cathedral Yard, and over the top of the gate we get a glimpse beyond of one of the Cathedral This gate bears evidence of great beauty, though the workmanship is now sadly effaced by time's decay, for the two turrets which formerly crowned its gables are long since gone; yet there remains signs of much beautiful tracery, for we may distinguish still the Tudor Roses and the Portcullis emblem of the Henrys. Passing under the gate. the grand magnificence of the Cathedral first strikes the vision in its entirety. It is impossible within the space here disposable to give more than a brief epitome of the history and character of this gracefully-sculptured Gothic building, bearing, as it does, the evidences of many centuries on its time-stained walls.

To every mind the very name of Canterbury Cathedral recalls the murder of Thomas à Becket, yet many other notable men have lived their lives almost within the shadow cast by the Cathedral tower. Yet chief amongst all the scenes of regal glory, ecclesiastical power or penitents' precessions, there still stands out the historical recollection signalized by the murder of Thomas à Becket on 29th December, 1170. This tale of Becket's martyrdom and King Henry's penitence, and the Shrine which was subsequently erected to the murdered prelate, formed the loadstone for thousands and thousands of pilgrims until its destruction by Henry VIII. at the Reformation.

As our recollection, beyond the dimoutlines, of this historical murder may be somewhat indistinct, we quote here the



MERCERY LANE.

episode of Becket's death as chronicled by the historian Hume.

"The Archbishop had incurred the enmity of Henry II. by his championship of the authority of the Church against that of the king and nobility. In 1164 he was obliged to leave the kingdom. During his absence the king, who was daily expecting excommunication, thought prudent to have his son, Henry, associated with him in the management of the kingdom. The prince was then crowned

by the Archbishop of York, but Becket, who claimed the sole right as Archbishop of Canterbury, of officiating at the coronation, went to the Pope and obtained from him a sentence of suspension against the Archbishop of York, and of excommunication against the Bishops of London and Salisbury. With these he returned, and proceeded to retake possession of his diocese. On his return he was welcomed by the populace, who regarded him as a shield from the oppression of the king and nobility. Arriving

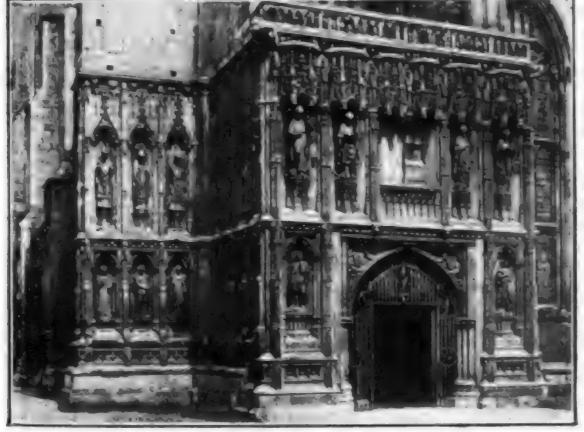


CHRIST CHURCH GATE.

at his see, he found that the property had been grievously wasted in his absence by Ranulph de Broc, the sequestrator appointed by the king, and he fulminated the Church's censures against the offender. Meanwhile, the suspended and excommunicated prelates arrived at Bayeux, where the king then resided, and complained of the violent proceedings of Becket. Henry, furious at their report, declared more than once against the ingratitude of his courtiers, who were

Taking these passionate expressions for a hint, four gentlemen of his household, Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville and Richard Brito, or the Breton, immediately took counsel; and, swearing to avenge their prince's quarrel, secretly withdrew from Court. Some menacing expressions which they had dropped gave a suspicion of their design; and the king despatched a message after them, charging them to attempt nothing against the person of the prelate, but

these orders arrived too late to prevent their fatal purpose. Next day they proceeded in great haste to the Archbishop's palace of Canterbury, pretending business from the king. They found the primate slenderly attended; and among other menaces and reproaches, required him to quit the country, or absolve the excommunicated prelates. Alarmed by the threats of the knights, the monks hurried the Archbishop into the North Transept, where vespers had already commenced. The assassins, who had retired to arm themselves, re-appeared at the church



THE SOUTH PORCH ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL.



THE MARTYRDOM (THE SCENE OF BECKET'S MURDER).

door, which the monks would have fastened, but Becket forbade them to convert the house of God into a fortress. In the dim twilight, the trembling monks concealed themselves under the altar and behind the pillars of the church. Becket was mounting the steps that led from the north transept into the choir, when the murderers rushed in. He then turned round, came down, and confronted them, Fitz-Urse, wielding in his hand a glittering axe, was the first to approach him, exclaiming, 'Where is the traitor: Where is the Archbishop? At the second call Becket replied, 'Reginald, here I am: no traitor, but an Archbishop and priest of God. What do you wish?' and, passing by him, took up his station between the central pillar, the massive wall of which still forms the southwest corner of what was then the Chapel of St. Benedict. On his repeated refusal to revoke the excommunication, the assassins attempted to drag him out of the church, in order to despatch him outside the sacred

precincts, but Becket resisted with all his might, and, exerting his great strength, flung Tracy down upon the pavement. Finding it hopeless to remove him, Fitz-Urse approached him with his drawn sword, and, waving it over his head, dashed off his cowl. Thereupon Tracy sprang forward and struck a more decisive blow. Grim, a monk of Cambridge



THE CHOIR.

who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up to intercept the blade. The blow lighted upon the arm of the monk, which fell wounded or broken, and the spent force of the stroke descending on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally resting on the left shoulder, cut through the clothes and skin. At the next blow, struck by Tracy orFitz-Urseupon his bleeding head

Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood was trickling down his face from the first blow in a thin streak. He wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, 'Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!' At the third stroke he sank on his knees, and murmured in a low voice, 'For the name of Jesus, and in defence of the Church, I am willing to die.' Without moving hand or foot, he fell flat on his face as he spoke, and, while in this posture, received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow on the



THE ARCHBISHOPS' THRONE.

skull. A subdeacon named Hugh, an associate of the assassins, planting his foot on the neck of the corpse, caused the blood and brains to spurt out on the pavement. This foul deed was perpetrated Tuesday, 29th December, A.D. 1170, a day long remembered in England as the Massacre of St. Thomas."

Turning now to the building

of the Cathedral itself, we will view, in a perforced cursory manner, its architectural and picturesque beauties.

It is said that the site was once occupied by a small church, built by the early Britons.

The present magnificent structure was the cradle of Christianity in Britain, and has always continued the centre of its priesthood. The Archbishop of Canterbury of to-day has an income of £15,000 per annum, and has the patronage of one hundred and forty-nine livings. He takes precedence of all in the Kingdom, the

Sovereign of Great Britain only excepted.

In 597 Ethelbert, king of the East Saxons, having been converted to Christianity by St. Augustine, made the latter the first archbishop, and gave him his royal palace as a residence, and a church which stood near it. buildings St. Augustine converted into a monastery and cathedral. During the incursions of the Danes, however, the cathedral fell into decay, but in 942 Archbishop Odo commenced its restoration. Whilst this rebuilding was in progress, we are told that the



THE CREPT.

cathedral was without a roof for three years, during which time no rain fell within its sacred walls. In joir Canterbury was again pillaged by the Danes, and the cathedral was much injured, but Canute ordered its restoration. Fire, however, almost destroyed this Saxon building in 1043, and the ruins were pulled down by the Normans, who re-erected the cathedral in 1070, finally completing the building in 1130, when the consecration took place in a style of great magnificence in the presence of Henry I. and David, king of Scotland, and the chief nobles of both kingdoms. Several fires and subsequent rebuildings have since then materially altered the original structure, so that the cathedral of the present day presents various types of architecture, dating from 1070, yet the general effect of the exterior is exceedingly harmonious, and the massive edifice presents a most impressive and picturesque whole.

Entering the south porch, the magnificent nave attracts attention with its vast expanse and lofty height. Its walls are covered with bas-reliefs and tablets to the memory of many naval and military heroes.



THE DAPTISTERY.



RUINS OF THE MONASTERY.

Through the north aisle we approach the north-west transept, known better as the Martyrdom. Here is pointed out the supposed spot where Thomas à Becket fell under the swords of Henry's courtiers. Ascending a lofty flight of steps from the nave, we enter the beautiful choir, with its many columns bathed in dim, religious light. This choir seats about one thousand persons.

Leading from the choir, on its south side, are several small chapels, among which is the Warriors' Chapel. We are now at the foot of another flight of steps leading to Trinity Chapel. These steps, all worn with deep indentations, was the way by which the many pilgrims are said to have crawled on their hands and knees to worship at the pre-

late's shrine.



ENTRANCE TO KING'S SCHOOL.

It is said that at some of the jubilees of the martyrdom in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as many as one hundred thousand pilgrims journeyed hither from all the Christian countries of Europe to pray and do penance at their martyr's shrine, of which nothing now remains to be seen saving a few stones. The tomb, or shrine, was of a most gorgeous and costly character, lavishly embellished with precious stones and containing the golden coffin and sacred relics of Becket.

There is yet to be seen the massive tomb erected over the remains of the Black Prince, suspended over which is a painted canopy, or rather, it should be said, a canopy bearing traces of painting, for time has almost destroyed the colours of the subject. Above the canopy is suspended the shield, surcoat, crested helmet and

the empty scabbard once used by the mighty warrior, looking gruesome in their dust and decay.

Our tour round the building now draws towards its close as we gaze on the patriarchal chair in which every Archbishop take his seat before the rites and ceremonies of his office are complete.

Before leaving the building, we must examine the extensive crypt, the largest in England, portions of which are the most ancient part of the edifice, and the stillness of which is indeed profound. A part of the crypt is used still for worship by the descendants of the Huguenot and French refugees.

The great expanse of the Cathedral may be judged from the following



VIEW OF THE BELL MARRY TOWER AND THE CLOISTERS, FROM THE WORTH.

figures:—The length of the interior, from east to west, is 512 feet; the height of the pinnacle of the central tower is 249 feet. The best view of the Cathedral is, perhaps, obtainable from Christchurch Gate, depicted in our frontispiece.

As we pass round the building we get a charming view of the east end of the Cathedral, known as Becket's crown, with a view of the ruins of

the old monastery.

North of the Cathedral extend deep shaded cloisters, mantled over with ivy, leading to the Green Court, where stands the charming, oldfashioned Deanery, embosomed in verdure.

The beautiful building of the Baptistery is close by, and on the opposite side of the Green Court are the buildings of the King's School. Here should be especially noticed an almost perfect example of a Norman staircase, leading up to what is

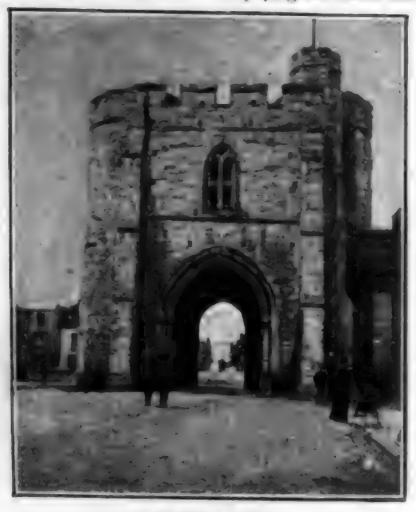
known as the school library. This staircase is unique, as there is nothing like it known to exist at the present day. This school is said to have been originally founded by Archbishop Theodore in the year 690, and refounded by Henry VIII., from whom it takes its name.

As we wend our way again into the bustle and life of the streets outside the



NORMAN STAIRCASE.

Cathedral Yard the peaceful quietude wherein we have past the last few hours still mantles us around with solemn thoughts of men and times long, long ago. Nor is it until we pass the Westgate Towers, which is now the last remaining of the eight ancient gateways of the City, that the spell leaves us, and we realise that we are but a nineteenth century pilgrim after all.



THE WEST GATE.

# My Cousin from France.

### By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER 1.

Thas been stated—I know not on whose authority—that everyone is more or less mad in one special direction. When such particular insanity takes a form likely to be injurious to individual existence, or to the well-being of the community at large, the person so afflicted is forthwith placed under restraint in the interests of law and order. Nevertheless, if a man be but reasonably unreasonable (and the conti-

guity of these words is not so incongruous as may appear) he is permitted to be at large, and to indulge in such freaks as please him. Among such harmless weaknesses may be classed stamp-acquiring, picture-buying, first-edition hunting, china-gathering and gem-collecting.

Since many men have many minds, and many minds have many predilections, the list can be indefinitely prolonged; but as the tag end of the above catalogue reveals my crotchet there is no necessity to multiply examples. To confess my hobby is requisite, as it begins and continues and ends this story. I am a gem collector.

Women are enthusiasts in collecting jewels for the adornment of their beauty; but my weakness does

not consent to such vanity. I wear neither ring, nor stud, nor breast-pin, nor jewelled sleeve-link.

It is true that, for the gratification of my whim, I purchase precious stones, but, instead of glittering on my person, they repose on white cotton wool in glass-covered trays. To each gem is appended a ticket inscribed with its history and value, but this information is for the enlightenment of strangers. I know my collection so well that, if needs be, I can, in the dark, lay my hand on

any particular stone. I occasionally experiment with my wits in this way.

The possession of these valuables inspired me with a wholesome dread of burglars. My mother and I dwelt in a lonely house some distance from Lewes, and, mindful of our isolation, we took every precaution for the preservation of the collection. We had spring guns, electric alarms, patent locks and various other contrivances for the baffling of the thieving fraternity. kept the key of the strong-room on my watch-chain and never slept without a revolver under my pillow. Our house was defended and sentinelled like a fortress, but, as it proved in the end, all to no purpose. I possess no collection of jewels now.



I AM A GEM COLLECTOR.

After such preamble I may as well confess that I am a bachelor. My father died while I was forming the nucleus of the collection, and when I came of age my mother urged me to marry. Being then solely bent on filling my treasury, I had no time to affect the society of the other sex, and so I refused to rashly commit myself to matrimony; and, although my mother, disapproving of celibacy, talked matrimony to me for quite ten years, I still held to my freedom. If she was obstinate, I was more so, and at thirty-five years of age I was still single. Candour compels me to confess that selfishness was at the bottom of such persistent refusal.

Often did I point out to my mother the difficulty of obtaining a partner who would fall in with our views. I might marry a woman who did not care for collecting gems, or who might insist upon wearing those I possessed. She might even grudge the expenditure of further money in adding to the hoard. To these objections my mother turned a deaf ear, and still reiterated her request. Her pertinacity was praiseworthy but wearisome. Twenty years of the cuckoo-cry "Marry, marry,

good-natured of men. It was the sole point on which we disagreed.

"There is my niece, Oswald," said my mother one morning, hot on her favourite topic. "Your cousin, Mathilde Barbot—

you know all about her."

"Let me see," said I, polishing a newly-acquired cameo. "Do I know all about her mother? H'm, your sister, my aunt, married M. Barbot, who is a merchant at Cairo. He——"

"Who was a merchant at Cairo," corrected my mother. "You forget, Oswald,

he died six months ago."

"So he did, and sorry was I to hear it. He sent me that large turquoise yonder, and very cheap it was. Well, mother?"

"She is an orphan, Oswald."

"I know that, mother. And a very rich orphan, too, as I have heard you say."

"She is certainly well off. But money

does not make up for love."

"So they say. Well?"

"How indifferent you are, Oswald. I wish you to particularly note what I say. Mathilde, finding herself lonely in Cairo, has written to ask if she can come to us."

"To come here! To this house?"
"And why not, Oswald? She is your

cousin and my niece."

"I don't deny the relationship, mother. But reflect. We have never seen her. She may be an undesirable addition to our household. You are happy, mother, in—"

"I shall be still happier when you are married to a woman of whom I approve,

Oswald."

"Ho, ho," I chuckled, now seeing her aim. "And you approve of your niece as a possible Mrs. Danefield?"

"I think she may make you a good wife, Oswald. You need not laugh. For all you know, she

may be an angel."

"True; and for all you know, she may be the reverse. I should like to have some idea of what she is like. Why does not she send her portrait?"

"She did, but it was lost on the way. You know how careless those foreign officials are. But we shall soon be able to judge of her for ourselves. She is at Marseilles."

"Indeed. I understood you to say she was at Cairo."



"THERE IS MY HIECE," SAID MY MOTHER

"You have not been listening, Oswald," said my mother reprovingly. "I mentioned some time ago that she had left Cairo for Marseilles Thence she goes to Paris to stay a few days with her school friend, Madame Charette. I am to write to her at that address. Now, what am I to say?"

"Ask her to come, by all means. If she takes after your family, mother, she is

sure to be delightful."

"Foolish, foolish boy," said my mother beaming at the compliment; "but to tell you the truth, Oswald, I do not know

whom she takes after. M. Barbot and I did not get on well, and, influenced by her husband, my sister corresponded but rarely with me. After her death M. Barbot was not very friendly."

"He sent me the turquoise, however. But how much do you know of Math-

ilde?"

"Only that she was educated at the Pension des Anglais, and is a quiet little creature. Thanks to her mother, she writes and speaks English pretty well. This letter is admirably written for a foreigner."

" How old is she?"

"Twenty-five, I believe. Ten years younger than you, Oswald. I always think," added my mother artfully, "that a wife should be ten years younger than her husband."

"Oh, mother, mother. You are driving me to the altar. I trust I shall like cousin Mathilde, but I cannot promise to fall in love with her."

"Oswald," hinted my mother impres-

sively, "she is fond of gems."

"All women are, for that matter, mother. I dare say she'll ask leave to wear the cream of my collection before she's been

a week in the house. Does she know about my treasures?"

"Of course she does. Did not her father send you that turquoise? He doubtless told Mathilde, for she used to write to me from school asking after her English cousin and his jewels."

"Very kind of her, mother. No doubt she thinks I own a gem-encrusted Aladdin's cave. Do you wish me to cross over

to Paris and escort her?"

"No; M. Charette is probably coming to London on business; so you can meet her at Newhaven."



HOWEVER, SHE DULY WROTE.

"Very good.
Ask her to send a portrait so that I may be able to distinguish her in the crowd."

But no portrait arrived. Probably it was never asked for, as my mother's memory is not what it used to be. However, she duly wrote and invited Cousin Mathilde to make her home with us. In due time a letter arrived, stating that the young lady was staying in Paris with her friends, the Charettes, and would come over to England, vià Dieppe, under the protection of the husband. A postscript stated that

he was anxious to salute her cousin Oswald, and to view his collection. From

this I argued an artful nature.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to say this, as her letters, written in fair English, conveyed to my mind a timid, homely personality of no great beauty and much common sense. I talked so much about our French relative to my mother that she assumed quite a concrete form in my mind. Small, delicately made, with gentle ways and a low voice to match her downcast eyes—this was the imaginary portrait I had drawn, and which had created an impression upon me. I actually con.

sidered the possibility of a marriage in the near future, and pictured this trustful creature winning her way into our hearts and creeping about the house like a brighteyed mouse. Strange to say, now that there was a probability of her wishes being gratified, my mother warned me against being too sanguine. She swung round like a weather-cock, and hinted at disappointment the very morning I left to meet Mathilde at Newhaven.

"I trust she will prove as delightful as you think, Oswald," said my inconsistent parent; "but we must not hope for too much. Remember we have never seen her, and she may be quite the reverse of

what we expect."

"Just what I remarked a fortnight ago, mother. You then answered —

"Now go, Oswald, or you will be late. I shall expect you home to dinner with Mathilde."

Thus did my mother evade being worsted. Before I could further denounce her change of front, she had me out of the

house, and I drove off to Lewes greatly amused at her inconsistency.

Her main objection was based on our ignorance of Mathilde's looks, nature and behaviour. I was extremely curious to see this bone of contention—if one dared speak so disrespectfully of a young lady—and as the Dieppe packet swung into its berth, I carefully examined the passengers' faces.

Not a glimpse could I catch of the homely personality I expected to see, and I began to think that Mathilde had not come. Indeed, convinced of her non-arrival, I was about to repair to the telegraph office, when a tall young lady, accompanied by a gentleman, planted herself before me, and held out her hand.

"My cousin!" she exclaimed in French, then, noting my bewilderment, she added: "Are you not

M. Danefield?

"Yes! 1 am Oswald Danefield,

and you ---?"

"I am Mathilde Barbot, your cousin. I recognised you by the portrait sent by your good mother. Ah! it is good of you to welcome me. But I have been well guarded since leaving Paris. Permit me

-my cousin, M. Charette, the husband of

my dear friend Adéle."

The smart-looking Frenchman grinned and bowed, and took off his hat with a flourish. Although rather amazed by the difference between the real and the ideal Mathilde, I was sufficiently self-controlled to return his greeting, After a short conversation about the fatigues of travelling and the embarrassment of luggage, we boarded the express. At Lewes M. Charette took a polite farewell of me, an effusive one of Mathilde, and then proceeded on his way to London. carriage was waiting for us at the station, and having seen to Mathilde's trunk, we drove home. On the steps my mother awaited our arrival.

"I am delighted to see you, my dear,"

said she to Mathilde.

Our guest looked puzzled for a moment, then replied in the most execrable English, "I haf no Inglis—I speak it bad."

Remembering how my mother had boasted of Mathilde's linguistic acquire-



HELD OUT HER HAND,

ments I thought this extremely strange.

#### CHAPTER II.

I have not yet mentioned that my cousin was a beautiful woman. Suchomission must be set down to the bewilderment caused by my finding Mathilde so different from what I had expected her to be. When our

intercourse became more familiar, I had time to examine her looks, to watch her behaviour; and by noting both, I strove to arrive at a conclusion as to her character. All this took some weeks, and over a month elapsed before I learned to accept her as a member of our circle.

That I am of a retiring disposition I put down to the quietness of my daily life, the lack of feminine society and to my absorption in my hobby. He who is habituated to a placid existence is apt to feel nervous in the society of one acquainted with the great world. I know not where Mathilde, whose existence had been passed between school and Cairo, learned her airs and graces and aplomb, but she was certainly better instructed in life than either my mother or myself. We were both a trifle afraid of this stately woman, and noting this, she did her best to remove the impression. No daughter could have been more devoted to my mother; no sister could have been kinder to me.

Yet my mother—lenient as were her judgments—confessed to a certain distrust of Mathilde. Despite the kindly disposition of the one and the deference of the other, they did not get on well together.

Probably the absence of sympathy on the part of Mathilde had something to do with this, but whatever it was, the result was decidedly unsatisfactory. The elder woman actually went the length of lamenting the lack of confidence between them.



NO DAUGHTER COULD HAVE BEEN MORE DEVOTED.

"I don't know how it is, Oswald,' she said, after an unusually trying day with Mathilde, "but I cannot get on with her. She might be a stranger instead of my sister's child."

"Difference

"Difference of nationality, perhaps."

"But she is half English. Yet there is not a drop of her poor dear mother's blood in her."

"Takes after M. Barbot, no doubt, mother; I can't say I'm altogether pleased with her myself. But you must make some allowance. Lewes after Cairo is rather a change. It is our duty to make her comfortable."

"Which I'm sure we do," said my

mother in parenthesis.

"And to love her as much as possible. That is," I added hastily, for my mother looked oddly at me, "to love her as a relation."

"I hope you don't love her in any other way. Oswald."

"I don't; yet three months ago

"Times are changed, Oswald. I would not like Mathilde as a daughter-in-law."

"Well, I certainly would not care for

her as my wife."

My mother, finding the conversation unsatisfactory, went off to harry the servants, who were never up to her standard of excellence. I retired to the strongroom, busied myself with my jewels, and wondered if I could be brought to love Mathilde. She was beautiful and graceful, no doubt, but there was something feline about her that frequently inspired me with a distaste for her mere presence. I fancy the dislike was mutual. In unguarded moments a glance oftentimes revealed the feeling she so carefully kept hidden. Love, indeed! There was but little chance of that between two who were the antithesis of one another.

While I was thus musing, Mathilde made her appearance, and with characteristic cunning, saluted me with a smile.

"Pardon me, my cousin, but you pro-

mised to show me the new jewel."

She spoke in French, as was her custom. Often did we ask her to speak English; but she always excused herself on the plea of an imperfect acquaintance with the language. The early death of her mother and the habit of M. Barbot to converse in French with his daughter, doubtless accounted for her deficiency in this respect. Yet for one who wrote such excellent English letters, I thought it strange.

"Come in Mathilde," said I, picking up a gem. "Here is the chrysoprase. Very

fine, is it not?"

"Oh, but it is charming," she exclaimed, clasping her hands; "and so rare a stone. I never saw one before."

"The chrysoprase is little known. But you will find it mentioned in the Book of Revelation—I forgot—you are a Catholic, Mathilde, and, no doubt, prefer

breviary to Bible."

"Do you care for either, my cousin?" said she rather wickedly, whereat I affected to examine the beauties of the She had nothing to do with my religious convictions. But, after a few minutes spent in looking at the collection, she picked up the thread of conversation where it had dropped.

"If I do not read my Bible," said she, looking round the room, "I, at least, know something of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' Oh, yes. I have read the translation of M. Galland. There is a story called, 'The Wonderful Lamp,' my cousin. You have this lamp no doubt, to possess such wonderful treasures."

"Unfortunately, I have no attendant genie, Mathilde. All these jewels are

bought and paid for,"

"There is money here."

"About ten thousand pounds, I should say."

"Ah," said she, drawing a long breath,

"and in francs?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand Trancs."

"My cousin, you are a Monte Cristo! I wonder you are not a raid of thieves."

" I am afraid of thieves, my cousin, and I take every precaution against them. The walls and roof and door of this room



WHILE I WAS THUS MUSING.

are of sheet iron. As you see, the window is strongly barred; and I carry the sole key which gives admittance on my watch-chain. No burglar could enter here."

"But thieves are so clever," she said

wisely.

"Will you take the jewels, Mathilde," said I jokingly, "and relieve me of the responsibility.

"Do not tempt me. Had I those jewels, I should wear them, and not waste their

beauty in this cell."

"I fear you have not the soul of a gem

collector, Mathilde."

"That goes without saying, my cousin." I am a woman."

And she was truly a woman in her vanity and love of display. Yet, despite these defects, many would have yielded to the influence of those dark eyes and to the invitation of those smiling lips. But I was as ice under the fire of her glances. Perhaps my faculty of love had died from sheer inanition; or, perhaps, the feeling of antipathy neutralised it; but I certainly did not care for Mathilde. My mother was pleased at my attitude, for she liked Mathilde as little as I did. There was a reason for this, but we did not find it out till long afterwards. Then it was too

#### CHAPTER III.

Two months of this life proved unsatisfactory. It jarred. I cannot honestly blame Mathilde, for she tried her best to be agreeable, but her efforts proved futile. Our domestic machine, that used to run smoothly as on oiled wheels, was now out of gear and jolted horribly. I felt it, my mother felt it, and I think Mathilde felt it also, though she said nothing about it. Her transplantation experiment was a distinct failure. She recognised that. The best thing she could do was to leave us to relapse into our old ways, and go back to her alien life. In the end that is what she did.

"My good aunt," she said, in the unemotional voice which was her greatest defect. "You are very good to me and my cousin is also most amiable. But I

must go away."

"I hope there is nothing wrong, Mathilde," faltered my mother, feeling guilty.

"Nothing that you or I can do, dear one. It is that my ways are not your ways. I am of a different nature. I have been trained in a different fashion. Every moment I do things which are not according to your English ideas. Your life is quiet and charming and full of sweetness, but it is not my life."

"You find it dull?"

"Not dull; I find it impossible. See you, my aunt? I cannot explain. Perhaps my cousin can?"

"I am afraid not, Mathilde."

"Oh, I know, I know," she said, nodding her head. "It is hard to explain, but easy to feel. I thank you both for your kindness, but next week I will return to Adéle Charette, at Paris. What say you, my aunt?"

"I do not wish you to go if you would rather stay, my love; but if you think—"

"Then it is settled," said Mathilde, in what I thought was a tone of relief. "I shall write for M. Charette to come over for me."

I offered to save M. Charette the trouble—it was the least I could do—but my services were declined by Mathilde. She wrote to Paris, and in due time received an answer that M. Charette was coming over on business, and would call at Lewes on his way back to escort her, as requested.

When the evening of her departure was settled—for she elected to go by the night

mail to convenience M. Charette—my mother became quite tearful. In the tenderness of her heart, she blamed herself for the girl's decision.

"But, indeed, it is not my fault, Os-

wald. I have done my best."

"My dear mother, you are hospitality itself. For my part, I am pleased she is going."

"Our quiet life does not suit her."

"Evidently not. She prefers the society of Madame Charette and the gay city."

During that week we were constant in our attentions to Mathilde, and, recognising our efforts to please her, she made herself extraordinarily agreeable. But the result was a failure, and the old distrust still continued. We all three felt that we were acting a comedy, and would be glad when it was over. The curtain fell on a Wednesday, and on a situation that was as unexpected as it was disagreeable.

M. Charette arrived shortly before dinner, and was made welcome. I cannot say that I liked him. He was a slender man of the Negroid type, which offended my racial prejudices. It was no news to me to learn that he came from Martinique. Frizzly hair, opal-tinted nails and thick lips betrayed his African blood. However, we overcame our distaste for his society, and made his three hours' stay as pleasant as possible. was prepared for the departure of my cousin. Her large black trunk had been brought downstairs, and deposited near the strong-room. I ordered the brougham to be at the door at half-past nine, to take them to Lewes, as they were to catch the ten-seventeen express for Newhaven. These arrangements having been made, we sat down to dinner.

Long before the meal was over my mother was forced to seek her room. She complained of feeling ill, and, with many excuses, retired to lie down. I was thus left to entertain our guests, and cannot say I found much difficulty in doing so. The two were capital company. Mathilde threw off her reserve in the presence of a compatriot, and was quite brilliant in talk and speech. Being of an observant nature, I noted the glances she exchanged with Charette, and began to pity the absent

I had a vague idea that all was not right—that Mathilde had not read her native novelists for nothing; and that the Frenchman with the bold eyes

and sniggering laugh, was a consummate scoundrel. I was glad my mother had left the table; I was glad Mathilde was going; and I caught myself saying something about mixed races and double faces.

Dinner over, Mathilde went to take leave of my mother, and we two men retired to the smoking-room. Frankly speaking, I should have preferred that my cousin came with us, as her conduct had so revolted me that I felt her mere presence to be an insult to my mother. We had entertained the opposite of an angel unawares, and I was glad she was

going away.

During her absence Charette talked of himself, and in a hundred little ways betrayed his low moral tone. I allow considerable latitude to some men in consideration of their upbringing and natural instincts, but I object to rake their minds for concentrated vice. My guest was an iniquitous scoundrel, and respectable as was the room and employment, I felt as though I was assisting at some low orgy. Some men have the faculty of poisoning the air by looks and words.

I was relieved when Mathilde made her appearance with the coffee, as it put an end to the conversation of Charette. M v cousin handed me a cup with her own hands, mentioning that it was the last service she would be able to do me. Then she accepted a cigarette from the Frenchman. I do not approve of women smoking, but her doing so seemed in keeping with the tainted atmosphere of the room.

"I have bidden my aunt adieu," said Mathilde, "and all is ready to go. But we have yet an hour. Could you not show M. Charette your jewels, my cousin?"

"Not to-night; it is too dark to see

them properly."

This was untrue, as the strong-room was lighted by electricity; but I could not bring myself to show such a mark or friendship to Charette. He seemed the kind of man who would knock one on the head, if he had the chance, and go off with the whole collection. Of course, such an idea is absurd, and I merely mention it as a proof of the disagreeable way in which Charette affected me. The scowl with which he greeted my refusal strongly accentuated his Negroid traits, but he possessed sufficient tact to pass the matter over lightly.

"On some other occasion, Monsieur may favour me," he said, smiling. I was resolved that such other occasion should never arrive. The way in which Charette and Mathilde looked at one another made me again pity the wife in Paris. But at this moment I began to grow drowsy.

Instead of tending to wakefulness, the coffee induced me to sleep. It was most remarkable. I struggled vainly against the lethargic feeling; but my head fell on my breast and my eyes closed. The last thing I remember was Charette and Mathilde whispering eagerly together. The next moment I was sound asleep.



MY COUSIN MANDED ME A CUP.

CHAPTER IV.

I AWOKE next morning to find myself seated before the fireless grate. Bewildered by the novelty of the situation, it was some time before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to account for my position. It was entirely opposed to my usual habits. With some misgivings, I recollected the strange behaviour of Mathilde, and rang the bell. When the butler appeared he looked astonished at seeing me still in evening dress, and even more so when I questioned him on the events which had taken place the previous night.

"I must have fallen to sleep in my chair, Bates. Why did you not wake me

before going to bed?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but Mademoiselle Barbot told me not to disturb you."

" Is Mademoiselle gone?"

"Yes, sir. She went with the French gentleman to catch the half-past nine express. I hope, sir, that nothing is wrong?"

"No, Bates; nothing is wrong. That

will do."

I went up to my bed-room, took a cold bath, and dressed myself for the day. All

the time my thoughts were busy with the unaccountable fact that I had slept in the smoking-room. It seemed strange that Mathilde should be so solicitous for my comfort. However, I had no reason to think anything was wrong; so, dismissing the subject, I paid my usual morning visit to my mother, whom I found much better. I then repaired to the strongroom. As usual, I opened the door with the key attached to my watch-chain. Then I received a shock. The cases were shattered; the jewels were gone; the place was as bare as the palm of my hand. It was quite five minutes

will to act. The loss of ten thousand pounds is apt to disarrange one's faculties.

Mathilde! Charette! I kept repeating these names in a stupefied fashion, as though I expected their owners to appear and restore the stolen jewels. Stolen? Certainly. But by my cousin and her friend? Impossible! The mere idea was terrible; yet she might have been coerced by Charette. With a brain as clear as crystal—after the fashion of brains at such crises; I rapidly constructed a theory to account for the existent facts. Here it is:

Charette had designed the tuett, and

had carried out the plans with the assistance of Mathilde. She had drugged my coffee, and, while I slept, had stolen the key of the strong-room from my watch-chain. The rest was easy. They had packed the jewels in Mathilde's trunk, closed the strong-room door, replaced the key, and had made off with their plunder. By this time they were in Paris.

I made no outcry, for as one of the culprits was my cousin, I deemed it advisable to keep the matter quiet, at all events for the present. Locking the now



THE JEWELS WERE GONE.

empty strong-room, I interrogated the butler.

"At what time did Mademoiselle Barbot leave?"

"About half-past nine, sir."

"Exactly one hour to clear the place,"
I thought, remembering Mathilde's remark; then added aloud "Mademoiselle took her trunk with her?"

"Yes, sir. It was placed on the brougham, according to your orders."

That was the irony of the thing. By my orders the means had been provided for their flight. I had no doubt that the trunk was filled with my collection, but

it was useless to ask further questions; I made up my mind to a course and acted. Ordering a portmanteau to be packed, I repaired to my mother's room. She was on the point of descending to the breakfast-room.

"Are you better this morning, mother?"

"Much better, thank you, Oswald; but I still have a slight headache."

"So have I. We have both been drugged."

"Oswald!"

"It is true, mother. Your wine and my coffee were drugged, and while we were asleep, Mathilde and her precious friend, Charette, have carried off all my jewels."

"Mathilde rob you! Are you mad?"

"Not I. Come down to the strong-room, if you don't believe me, mother. It is quite empty; she stole the key from my watch-chain, put the jewels in her trunk and drove off with it to the station in our brougham."

"My own niece! Oswald, what is to

be done?"

"I am going to Paris this morning, and will call at the Charettes. I do not suppose I shall find Monsieur at home, but I shall put the police ——"

"The police, Oswald! Your cou-

sin?"

"I'll do what I can to save her, mother, but I cannot afford to lose tent housand pounds without making an effort to regain it. Hush, mother; do not cry."

"My own niece,

Oswald!"

"We are well rid of her, mother. I think myself she is a bad lot."

I pass over my mother's lamentations and the futile theories she put forward to prove the innocence of Mathilde. By noon I was on my way to Paris with Mathilde's letter written from the Charettes' address to accept our invitation. She little thought when she penned that letter that it would some day prove a trap to catch her. By such trifles do we weave nets for our own snaring.

There is no need to describe the journey. I duly arrived at my destination, left my portmanteau at the nearest hotel and then, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, drove at once to the Charettes'.

There I received a shock.

"Both Monsieur and Madame Charette were away," explained the concierge. "They had been gone some days, but the mad Mademoiselle Barbot was still within."

This information pleased me. I should at least be able to reproach Mathilde with her wickedness. But why did the concierge call her mad? The epithet was inapplicable to so ingenious a schemer.

However, I wasted no time in vain enquiries, but mounted the stairs and

rang at the door of the Charettes'. A pretty little maid, who looked as though she had been crying, made her appearance. I saw at a glance that she was no servant and shaped my speech accordingly.

"Pardon me, but is Mademoiselle Barbot within?"

"I am Mademoiselle Barbot, monsieur."

The announcement took away my breath. I looked at her inastonishment, and in that brief glance felt satisfied that she had spoken the truth. There was a far-off resemblance to my mother in her face, and in all respects she was the bright-eyed little mouse of whom I had dreamed. But if this were





"OH, HOW THANKFUL I AM TO SEE YOU."

the real Mathilde, who was the false one? I lost no time in learning that fact.

"I am Oswald Danefield."

"My cousin?" she cried in English, which, by the way, she spoke excellently well. "Oh, how thankful I am to see you! Come in, Oswald; I have so much to tell you."

She led me into an untidy room, and, giving me a chair, sat down near me. Then, for the first time, I saw that she looked ill and worn. The remark of the

concierge occurred to my mind.

"Why do they call you mad, Mathilde?"
"Ah! why, indeed, Oswald?" she said sadly. "I am not mad. I came here to stay with Adéle Charette and her husband; but when I wanted to leave, on receiving your dear mother's letter, they said I was mad and shut me up in a little room. I have been there for two months, watched by old Madame Charette. Not once did I see Adéle or her husband."

"Could you not have escaped?"

"No, Oswald. The old woman kept the door locked and, when I cried out, told the tenants I was mad and was shortly to be removed to an asylum."

"Where is the old woman now?"

"I don't know. She went away this morning. I found the door of my room open and came out. To-night I was going to write to you, but now there is no need. Oh, Oswald, how I have suffered. What does it mean?"

"It means robbery, Mathilde. Was Adéle a tall, dark, handsome woman?"

"Yes. She was my friend at school, and I loved her so. To think she should be so cruel. But you talk of robbery, Oswald?"

"I do. You spoke of my jewels to your friend?"

"Yes. Was it wrong?"

"Very wrong, as it turns out," said I grimly. "Adéle Charette impersonated you, and has been staying with us for the last two months. Last night her husband joined her. They drugged me and went off with ten thousand pounds' worth of jewels."

"But how could she impersonate me?" cried Mathilde, astonished at this recital.

"She knew no English."

"Oh! she accounted for that in a very ingenious way. Besides, we had never seen you, nor had we your portrait. There was no reason to think that Adéle was not the real Mathilde."

"Oh! how wicked. But M. Charette was a terrible man, and made Adéle as evil as himself. She was not so at

school."

"I trust not, for the credit of the school. But now I know that you are not the thief, I shall set the police on the track of the three Charettes."

"I, a thief?" said Mathilde indig-

nantly.

"Under the name of Adéle Charette only. I thought it was my cousin who stole the jewels."

"Now I shall take you back to England, my dear. It was a pity you spoke about the jewels, else they might never have conceived and carried out their clever plot. No wonder my mother and I did not like Adéle. However, we may

yet catch and punish them."

Brave talk, indeed: but we never did catch them. The three baffled the French police, escaped to Spain, and thence sailed for South America. In those law-less lands, south of the Line they were safe

from pursuit, and are now, I have no doubt, living on the proceeds of their nefarious scheme. It was cleverly conceived and cleverly carried out. learned all necessary details from the unsuspecting Mathilde, and framed their plans accordingly. I now understood the glances which passed between my socalled cousin from France and M. Charette. Also how we had failed to love her. She was as evil as was her husband. They were a well-matched pair, and no doubt the mother (whom I learned was a creole from Martinique) was as bad However, it was no use laas either. menting; the game was played out, and I had lost my collection.

I have never had the heart to begin

another. The risk is too great. I took my real cousin back to Lewes, and she became a member of our household. Great was the indignation of my mother when she learned how we had been deceived.

"No wonder I could not love her, Os-

wald. It was instinct."

We found no difficulty in loving the second Mathilde Barbot. In fact, out of evil came good. Deprived of my collection, I turned my thoughts to matrimony and, much to my mother's delight, married Mathilde. She became my hobby, and I have no fear of her being stolen. However, as I miss my jewels and am unable to form another collection, I propose to devote myself to stamps. There is just as much interest and less risk.



I TURNED MY THOUGHTS TO MATHIMONY.

## Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "Journalistic London," "By Order of the Czar," "Under the Great Seal," &c., &c.

## SIR EDWARD LAWSON, Bart.

IR EDWARD LAWSON born under a lucky star. sooner had he learnt the mysteries of the art of printing than the Daily Telegraph fell into his father's hands. The boy had already carried off, at the London University School, the chief prize for English literature and composition. When, therefore, the Telegraph was ready for him, he was ready for the Telegraph. In the old days it was considered necessary for a journalist to understand printing. It is a great advantage, even now, for an editor to know something of the mechanism of a newspaper office. When the paper became a paying property, the young fellow's uncle, Mr. Lionel Lawson, left him a considerable estate on the condition that he adopted the name of Lawson. That is how the son of the late Mr. Joseph M. Levy comes to be called Lawson. establishing a daily journal second to none in the world, financially or otherwise, Mr. Levy dies, full of years and honours, and leaves his son in such good case that he is spoken of as one of the richest commoners in England. Recently Mr. Edward Lawson was honoured with a baronetcy; and on all hands it is conceded that he wears his distinction with modesty and grace. He had already occupied a county position in Buckinghamshire, fulfilling the duties and responsibilities of the Shrievalty and other honorary offices with credit to himself and his neighbours; so that the baronetcy found him familiar with the rôle of a county gentleman.

As a pen of the press, there is not much to say about Sir Edward Lawson. The successful editor does not write; he directs, inspires, and has the knack of getting the best work out of his staff. It rarely happens that a clever father has a clever successor in his son, but fortunately in the case of Mr. Levy, the son may be said to have bettered the instruction of the father. Everybody who came in contact with Mr. Levy in his journalistic capacity seems to have been impressed with his wisdom, his business dexterity and his editorial foresight. He was a strict disciplinarian, never wasted a penny, kept a constant eye on the exchequer, but was sympathetic to his staff, had an open hand in cases of distress, and a keen and everactive instinct for what the public expected in the Daily Telegraph. Leaning his back against his father's business maxims, inheriting the old man's sharp eye for news and topics calculated to be most attractive in a popular paper, Mr. Lawson inaugurated in Peterborough Court a broader policy, a larger aim, and conducted the paper with a higher ambition than that which had directed its earlier policy. From the start the Telegraph had been associated with the Liberal Party. It had been an out-and-out supporter of Mr. Gladstone. "The People's William," I fancy, was Telegraphese. Oddly enough, there was another Telegraph, a great Sheffield daily of similar political proclivities, that hauled down the Gladstone flag at about the same time. If ever two men were sincere in their change of front they were William Leng, of the Sheffield Daily Telegraph, and Edward Lawson, of the Daily Telegraph in London. Both liberal-minded men, both strong in their advocacy of what they conceived to be the best for England, they found themselves at variance with the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone and his party at an important period of our history. The Russian campaign against Turkey brought England face to face with the possibility of war. With Mr. Leng, and other patriotic Liberals, Mr. Lawson felt that



Photo. by]

SIR EDWARD LAWSON,

[Mayall and Co.

the time had come for the Government to stand stiffly by the maintenance of British prestige in the East. Edwin Arnold, the literary editor of the paper, whose knowledge of Eastern affairs is unique, gave a daily review of the absorbing question, and Edward Lawson decided to throw the entire weight of the paper into the scale of Lord Beaconsfield's government. It is not too much to say for the influence of the Daily Telegraph at this time that it was an important agency in sustaining the government in office. Mr. Lawson ran great financial risks in taking up arms against the Gladstonian succes-

sion which his paper had hitherto supported.

It is pleasant to hear Sir Edwin Arnold speak of his proprietor and colleague, Lawson, whose political tact and wisdom have proved of incalculable benefit in the guidance and administration of the establishment. Before it was resolved to break with Gladstone, the Premier amicably discussed with Mr. Lawson and Mr. Arnold the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield. The interview took place in the office of the Daily Telegraph. They differed in the friendliest manner. After a prolonged discussion they parted, the

Liberal chief to follow one political path, the two journalists another. Each expressed honest regret at their divergence of views, but there was no rancour in their political leave-taking. Friendly then, they are friendly now, so far as men may be said to be friendly who, since the days I am speaking of, have drifted further and further apart. The situation to-day is only a corollary of the situation of years ago, when the British fleet steamed into the Bosphorus to defend Constantinople.

The Conservative party is not conspicuous for showering favours on the Press. One of Lord Beaconsfield's worst faults was his tendency to underrate newspaper men. Lord Salisbury is said to be far more appreciative of journalistic influence than his famous predecessor at the head of the party. Mr. Lawson might have looked for royal recognition as a man of wealth—a country gentleman dispensing large hospitality, and at the same time an enterprising citizen of London—apart altogether from his services to the State at an important epoch; but it was many years before he was rewarded with the title and dignity of a baronetcy. His colleague, who fought in the editorial columns the cause of British supremacy, had already been decorated and raised to the honour of knighthood. Mr. William Leng, of Sheffield, received similar honours; and few advancements could have been more popular than that of Mr. Edward Lawson. He knows how to keep up the tradition of county hospitality in the spirit of that proper luxury which Mr. George Augustus Sala has recently been upholding in Sala's Journal, apropos of a controversy touching the duties and pleasures of riches. When Mr. Sala was in Australia he was continually at loggerheads with the local press for the reason, as he alleged, that Australian millionaires did not live in a sufficiently handsome and sumptuous style, and that they were fonder of hoarding up their money, or of investing it in land or flocks and herds and bank shares, than of spending freely and judiciously the gifts which Fortune had cast into their laps. know," says the doyen of Telegraph leaderwriters, "what in England and France the Rothschilds and other great Hebrew financiers do with the surplus of their riches. They continue to be rich, and to take good care that their gold does not melt away; but, at the same time, they

live with a magnificence surpassing that of the Italian princes of the Middle Ages. They build and reside in gorgeous mansions, which they fill with splendid furniture and hangings and pictures and statuary and plate and curiosities, drawn from every part of the world; they heap jewels on their wives and daughters; they keep troops of servants; they give sumptuous balls and suppers and concerts; they have boxes at the opera; they run racehorses; they patronise the theatres; and they are, to my thinking, in every way wisely luxurious, because a vast proportion of the money they spend on enjoying themselves goes into the pockets of merchants and manufacturers and tradesmen, and male and female workpeople." Sir Edward Lawson, at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, without ostentation, lives the life that an earnest advocate of hospitality would more than approve. Generous host and hostess, Sir Edward and Lady Lawson are foremost in all local works of charity, education and pro-They entertain their neighbours and friends, for some of whom they keep open house, and they have been honoured with a visit from the Prince of Wales. Sir Edward is a magistrate for Bucks, and has served the office of High Sheriff. He is an Alderman of the County Council, and Deputy-Lieutenant for the City of London. He has rendered good service to the Press Association and to the Institute of Journalists, and finds time to attend most of the great functions, socalled, of the London season.

So entirely has Sir Edward Lawson sunk his personal identity in the Daily Telegraph, that its history is more or less his own biography. The paper was started by Colonel Sleigh, in 1855, under the title of Daily Telegraph and Courier. It was the cheapest daily paper that had yet been published; though little more attention was paid to it under Colonel Sleigh's direction than was paid to a previous Daily Telegraph. There had been a daily of that title before Sleigh brought out his twopenny sheet. Mr. Ingram, the originator of the Illustrated London News, was the projector of the first Daily Telegraph. Mr. James Grant, whose volumes on "The Newspaper Press" are still interesting, is cynically critical of Mr. Ingram's pretensions as the author of a daily paper. "He made the great mistake which many newspaper men have fallen into—that because

some one adventure has proved singularly successful they are sure to be no less successful in any other enterprise in which they may see fit to embark. Hundreds have, in this respect, found out their mistake when they have put the matter to the Ingram's Illustrated London News having proved one of the most brilliant instances of journalistic success in the present century, he could see no reason why a morning paper, started under his auspices and with the prestige of his name, should not be equally prosperous. One short week served to dispel the delusion under which he laboured with regard to the success of his enterprise. The publication fell still-born on its appearance. It attracted no attention; it excited no interest; it lingered on for seven or eight weeks, and then, without making any sign, quietly slipped into its grave." venture cost Mr. Ingram four thousand pounds. At this estimate he got out of it cheaply. It is only a few years ago that a daily was issued from the Strand, edited by Mr. Dicey, a journalist of great repute, that passed through a similarly inglorious existence. Mr. Yates's Cuckoo had a livelier time. The worst thing about it was its title. A similar paper, with a little more back-bone, would be successful to-day. Mr. Yates lost patience too soon. But these are incidents by the way. Colonel Sleigh's Daily Telegraph threatened to drag out as miserable an existence as the Daily Telegraph of Mr. Ingram, Though, as I have said, it was the cheapest daily that had ever been published in England, it created no public interest. It had no circulation worth mentioning, and its advertisements brought in no more than ten or fifteen shillings a day. It is easy to imagine the struggle of Colonel Sleigh to pay wages and find paper. His advertisement duty did not amount to much. He was free, therefore, from the Revenue officers. He had started the paper with the courage of despair. It is said he had not a shilling of capital. He borrowed on the strength of his hopes, and when his paper saw the light he obtained credit on the possibilities of success. Fleet Street has seen many an instance of the misadventure of one man being the stepping-stone to another's success. The needy projector, with more courage than forethought, and with an inventive faculty wholly out of proportion to his financial

means, is often the pioneer of fortunes which he does not reap. A friendly critic in THE LUDGATE suggests that I should not overlook the dark side of Fleet Street in these personal papers; but it is not my cue to drag forth the scarecrows of failure whose ghosts haunt the classic ground of literature and journalism. Who cannot imagine the wretched Sleigh living from hand to mouth, not only with the burden of getting out his paper, but the more serious one of what is to-day called financing it? One of Sleigh's principal creditors was Sir Edward Lawson's father, Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, who was a printer in Shoe Lane and also proprietor of the Sunday Times. Sleigh ran up a bill for printing with Mr. Levy, who also lent him money. Finally, as a bad debt, Mr. Levy took the paper over. His friends looked upon the journal at that time as about the worst payment the new proprietor could receive. Friends are rarely a man's best advisers. From those days of debt and difficulty the paper rose into a power and a property worth upwards of a hundred thousand pounds a-year. Mr. Levy's critical neighbours looked at the present; he had his eye on the future. Moreover, he developed an amount of dogged industry and perseverance which their local judgment had not taken into account. Mr. J. M. Levy could have established a daily paper without beginning to build it upon the uncertain foundations of Sleigh's Telegraph. In journalism the time had come for the man, and Mr. Levy was the man for the time. The new proprietor cast about him for the right kind of pens to help him in his enterprise. Mr. George Augustus Sala was one of his first engagements. Soon afterwards Mr. Thornton Hunt was appointed chief of the staff. A leader-writer was advertised for: it brought Edwin Arnold to Fleet Street. Edward Lawson then, as we have seen, having completed his apprenticeship with his father in Shoe Lane, came into the daily paper. The entire Levy family bent their backs to the task which the head of the house had set himself. They were apt as they were industrious, showing a surprising capacity for journalistic work. Mr. E. Dicey, the Hon. F. Lawley, Mr. Herbt. Stack, "Jeff" Prowse, Mr. Godfrey Turner and other clever writers joined the staff. They gave to descriptive and editorial articles a new character. Their contributions were

bright and sparkling essays. Hitherto the leading article had been a dull and serious business. The Telegraph made it entertaining as well as instructive. Unusual subjects were treated and discussed in an unusual way. The articles were the work of scholarly men, who had the art of making their scholarship intelligible, and the tact to appeal to the popular sentiment in social as well as political ethics. In every department of the paper the old journalism was improved and extended. Mr. Levy had reduced the paper to a penny. It was the first of the penny dailies; it got straight away from the competition of its contemporaries; it appealed to the great penny public. In those days it was considered infra dig. by many people, both in and out of journalism, to have anything to do with a penny paper; but it soon came to be acknowledged that the Telegraph was as indispensable as the higherpriced dailies. Whereas in the older journals the leader pages were the last to be read, Arnold and Sala made the Telegraph editorials of first-class import-These two brilliant journalists stamped the leader-page with a fascinating individualism. In other matters the management was equally alert. It selected the class of news likely to satisfy the populace. It sympathised with the struggles of the great middle class, and was eminently patriotic. It prospered, in spite of the burden of the stamp duty. Presently the "tax on knowledge" was abolished. This was as good as £12,000 a-year in the *Telegraph's* pocket. It enabled Mr. Levy to widen his ambition, and employ fresh skill in the editorial depart-The more he spent upon improving the paper the more money it returned into his coffers. I have often thought that the Jewish people are exemplary in their ambition for their children. The moment Mr. Levy felt himself rich enough, he offered his son the choice of a University education or a newspaper career: on the one hand, Oxford, with every advantage that money can buy -and what cannot it buy at Oxford or anywhere else?—and on the other, Fleet Street, with laborious days and sleepless nights. The young fellow who could prefer the drudgery and worry of a daily paper to the seductive and learned ease of Oxford must be a born journalist, and, as the Americans would say, "that's what was the matter with Edward Law-

For the last thirty years he has been the supreme editor of the Daily Telegraph. Although he rarely writes, he has in his time contributed many able articles to the leader pages. It is rather for his direction of other pens than his own that he is distinguished among his colleagues. Many a leader remarkable for its vigour is said to have owed its "backbone" to his inspiration. Of late years he has taken a less active part in the work. In his absence the literary editor, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Mr. J. M. Le Sage, the managing editor, have generally had charge of the establishment. When Sir Edwin was in Japan, and during other long absences from Fleet Street, Mr. Le Sage has exercised full editorial powers. Like many of the best and most reliable of London journalists, Le Sage is a countryman. He joined the parliamentary staff of the paper in its early days. under Mr. Levy, was soon promoted, and when Sir Edward Lawson became the active editor of the paper, he engaged Mr. Le Sage as his assistant.

Sir Edward Lawson has shown a similar capacity as chief to that which did so much for the paper under his father. He has not only known how to gather the best men around him, but how to keep them together. The work of Mr. George Augustus Sala has been a potent factor in the success of the Telegraph. His bright and industrious pen has produced for it miles of manuscript upon every conceivable subject under the sun. With "the wages of an ambassador and the treatment of a gentleman," he has travelled for it to and from the uttermost parts of the earth, describing battles, festivals, royal marriages and state funerals, and always describing them with graphic picturesqueness of detail and characteristic His leading articles are full of curious and out-of-the-way knowledge, and his sympathies are always with the struggling poor and the oppressed of every class. Mr. William Beatty Kingston is another veteran of the staff, with a pen as fresh and vigorous as when he delighted and instructed London from his residential chair of Telegraph correspondent at Berlin. He is a remarkable man in many ways, has done yeoman's service for the paper in peace and in war, is a linguist of note and, among other things, a fine musician and a most skilled and sympathetic performer on the piano. Dr. Bennett is the musical critic of the paper, but he is an Admirable Crichton; he writes on many subjects: now and then a masterly leader; and once in a way he is not above going to a great political meeting, and writing one of those introductions to reports which are an admirable feature of the The dramatic critic is Mr. Telegraph. Clement Scott. His work is unique. He has one great power, which, for a newspaper, is better than the highest judicial skill: he is enthusiastic. He feels what he writes, and he can write what he feels. Now and then his pen runs away with him; but it carries the reader along. He is never dull, and he is always graphic. Whether you agree with his views or not, you are always deeply interested in what he has to say, not alone because he says it well, but for the reason that you know he is in earnest. In a trained pen earnestness and enthusiasm beget eloquence, and that is the kind of writing for a daily newspaper; indeed, I am inclined to think that it is the only kind of writing that is worth reading. Mr. J. Herbert Stack, Mr. H. D. Trail, the Hon. Francis Lawley, Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Pottinger Stephens and Mr. E. J. Goodman are among the other members of the staff; and one of the latest recruits is Mr. W. L. Courtney, a popular and learned Oxford don, who has relinquished the scholarly seclusion of the University for Fleet Street. But, after all, it is only changing one seat of learning for another. Nowhere is knowledge so useful; nowhere is there so much to be learnt as in the editorial department of a great news-

Under the direct inspiration and control of Sir Edward Lawson, the Daily Telegraph has projected and carried out national enterprises in the cause of charity and in the interest of progress that have become historical. During the Cotton Famine, consequent upon the American war of North and South, Sir Edward conceived a novel plan for swelling the fund for its relief inaugurated by Lord Derby. His idea was to gather up the pennies of the nation, and remit them to the Central Committee. The scheme was initiated on a certain day, with a subscription of five hundred pounds from the proprietors of the Telegraph, and an announcement that every person employed on the paper had consented to hand over at least a penny a week until the trouble was at an end.

In a comparatively short space of time the Telegraph was enabled, in this way, to send six thousand pounds to the Famine Relief Committee, and the example of collecting small contributions was followed throughout the country. This was in 1862. Some ten years afterwards, when the Germans were at the gates of Paris, Sir Edward revived his Cotton Fund idea and organisation in the interest of the starving Parisians, and nine thousand pounds was the amount which the Telegraph paid into the treasury of the Mansion House collection. In another direction was the equipment of Mr. George Smith, the Assyrian scholar and explorer, for the Bible lands. The British Museum contains memorials of this remarkable newspaper enterprise of the highest value. In the same editorial room where the expedition of George Smith for the discovery of the beginnings of the Bible was arranged, Mr. Stanley discussed his great scheme of African travel that led up to the completion of the famous explorer's work. By way of celebrating the Queen's Jubilee, Sir Edward brought together in Hyde Park thirty thousand Board School children, entertained them with refreshments, and gave to each an artistic souvenir of the event. It was urged by a few hostile critics that Sir Edward would never get this number of children and their teachers in and out of the Park without grave difficulty and possibly serious accident. But not a hitch occurred to mar the brightness of the day. The remarkable fête was visited by her Majesty the Queen, the late Emperor of Germany, the Empress Frederick, the King of the Belgians, the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family. vast concourse of the public also assembled to witness the interesting proceedings. Her Majesty bestowed the Jubilee medal upon Sir Edward, as an acknowledgment of her appreciation of the interesting demonstration,

One dislikes the ostentatious, "I—told you—so," with which the successful prophet notifies the world of some particular event which he has foreseen. Yet he is often to be excused, seeing how scornfully his forecasts have too often been treated. "The Interview" and "the signed article" in the great newspapers have been two of my own successful predictions. The worst of English changes is that once started they are too often pushed to extremes We

are intemperate in our reforms. In politics our liberty too often becomes licence. In art we begin by hating some new method and end by making it a fetish. years ago Whistler was a dauber; he is now an apostle of the highest art; and Burne-Jones has been created a baronet. When Yates introduced a modified form of the American interview into the World, his "Celebrities at Home" elicited the sneers of the superior Fleet Street craftsman. I wrote for a great American magazine its first English interviews, and put into them all the literary skill of which I was capable; and later told the English press, in a volume on our cousins, that my Lordon contemporaries would soon introduce the American feature into their best journals. This forecast and a strenuous appeal for the adoption of the signed article, procured me the honour of a somewhat scathing criticism in a powerful and cultivated review; but the English press has developed in both these directions, and in the former has run into an extreme that is sad to contemplate. Not only are many of the interviews inartistic and illwritten, but the subjects are so badly chosen that the interviewer is discredited and his usefulness impaired. The Daily Telegraph took hold of the new feature in the right spirit when it sent Mr. Beatty Kingston to Rome to interview the Pope. For many a long year the Times had received accounts of the personal intercourse of Mr. Blowitz with distinguished and illustrious persons; but Printing House

Square compromised the business by studiously avoiding the word interview, and the Daily Telegraph for a time adopted similar tactics; but Sir Edward Lawson is not the man to neglect a public impulse in any direction that demands journalistic interpretation. He had already felt his way to the signed article, when suddenly the Times came out with contributions by Rudyard Kipling. Thereupon the Telegraph took the wise and generous course of opening its columns to the signatures of its staff. All I had ever contended for was the privilege of the writer to sign such particular articles that might tend to the advantage of his name in literature; and the signing of literary, art, and theatrical criticisms. It had never occurred to me to attack the anonymity of the editorial article. The leader page is not only supposed to be the outcome of an editorial council, but it is so; and in the matter of politics, social, domestic or imperial, a valuable influence lies in its impersonality. Beyond this the leader-writer should have his excursions into the field of letters, and any journal with a good staff and occasional assistance from other well-known pens, cannot fail to enhance its position and increase its attractiveness by means of the signed article. Sir Edward Lawson has come to this conclusion, and has added to his renown by taking the lead in a new departure which will do much to ameliorate the onerous conditions of literary journalism.



of Highland regiments could talk in Scottish dialect, and honest men, who believed that things were what they seemed, were spared the shock of hearing the vernacular of Yorkshire hills and Derby dales issue from wearers of kilt and sporran, the Macadam Highlanders came from the East to Walton, and the North Riding Regiment went from Walton to other quarters in the West.

There are some barracks on the edge of Walton Moor, dismal structures that were built in ages past for man and beast, but the water was unfit for cavalry horses, and so the premises were set apart for infantry, for whom most things are reckoned

good enough.

Linesmen relieved linesmen, and whenever a change was made many playful words were bandied. One courtesy that the outgoers never failed to pay was the expression of the hope that the incomers would like their quarters, as they made healthy preparation for camping out in styes and fortified the system against the ravages of pestilence in Eastern climes.

Any regiment that had any influence at all never came to Walton Moor. Once

the colonel of a crack battalion, which was under orders for Walton, came down to look at the place. He came, he saw, and, with the help of friends in Pall Mall, took his regiment to Malta. After that, the authorities became alarmed, and built another set of barracks in the newest style, side by side with the old; and it was their pleasure so to rule things that the old barracks sheltered battalions that stood in need of drill and discipline, and the new building was the home of lofty and distinguished troops. For, said the authorities, who knew these matters best, the presence of the smart men will brighten up the shaky ones, and the presence of the shaky ones will teach the smart ones how The plan worked so well not to do it. that the new barracks men were for ever sneering at the old, and the old in wrath fell upon and maltreated any Newun that had the folly to enter the rival gates.

The Newuns and the Olduns waged incessant war, and rival rhymers in the ranks of each kept the fire of mischief burning. "Go to the guard-room of the Olduns," said a representative committee of the Newuns one dark night, to a youth fresh from a farm in the hills, "and call

out the lines on this bit of paper. We'll give you a bob a-piece if you do it." The recruit went and cried:

"Olduns, beastly dirty crew, Lost your colours at Waterloo."

He was caught before he reached the barrack-gate, and was carried afterwards into hospital, where the shilling a-head proved

of large service.

When the Macadams came from Rangoon and marched into the New Barracks, the Old Barracks were in charge of an officer and a dozen men, until the North Riding men's successors took possession. The kilt-wearers swaggered past the Olduns' gates to the "March of the Macadam Men," and the Olduns' sentry, presenting arms, watched the waving tartans with a sneer.

"Think they're a fine smart lot, don't they?" asked Private John Toms of a comrade, when the Macadams had

passed.

"It's the way of men frum foreign service—especially Highlanders," said the

comrade.

"Partic'lerly if they're Scotchmen born in Tipperary," retorted Toms. "Ugh! the sight of 'em chokes me; let's go an' wash the taste away." And he spat upon the ground and vanished.

"Folks stare like stuck sheep at a lot o' breechless men," said the sentry as the baggage-carts were passing. He spoke in wrath, for there was no longer a knot of

admiring loafers around the Olduns' gates to watch the sentry's doings.

"I wouldn't associate with Highlanders," asserted Private Toms, as he drank deeply from a pint mug, "if there weren't any other troops on earth."

"I wouldn't mix with Newuns if every man in the ranks was a Royal prince,"

said his comrade.

For a whole week Macadams and North Riding men passed each other without exchanging a word. Then it happened that the pipe-major, who was leaving the service on a pension, and whose heart in consequence melted towards the human race, especially soldiers who would be with the colours for many a day yet, stopped at the barrack-gate of the Olduns. He bade an affable good morning to Private Toms, who was looking contemplatively upon the great smoke-clouds that overhung Walton.

"Mornin', major," replied Toms curtly.

"It's a fine thing to be on the eve o' leavin' the sarevice," observed the pipemajor.

"It is," said Private Toms, "if there's a fat pension to leave it on, an' a jolly big feed on the last night in barricks."

"True, true," said the pipe-major, who wished he had held his tongue and passed the Oldun in scornful silence. "But," he continued, with brave flippancy, "a big man needs a big allooance, eh? What could my six feet two in height do on a

scanty pension?"

"To say nothing of your whatever-it-may-be in breadth," re-

marked Private Toms.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the pipemajor uneasily, and wondering how he could best say good morning to the very unappreciative individual upon whom he had thrust his company. "By the way, what a pig-stye of a place yer barrucks are."

"Guv'munt make a point o' not givin' everything to one set o' men," answered Private Toms. "They certainly haven't given all things that one might want to our lot, but they don't remember everything even for your set."

"I don't see the drift of yer observations," said the pipe-major, stiffly and suspiciously.

"I mean," said Private Toms, turning inward, "that if we don't



PASSED EACH OTHER WITHOUT EXCHANGING A WORD. VOL. VII.—MAY, 1894.

get pallisses to live in, we do get clothes an' soap enough, an' to spare." And with a lingering glance at the piper's knees, he

entered the guard-room.

War between nations has arisen from causes rather less trivial than this, and that very night the outraged Scot, surrounded by his comrades at the farewell banquet, cried for vengeance. "If it hadna been," he said, smiting the table with his fist, "that the discipline o' the sarevice forbade such a coorse being pursued, I'd ha' wiped the roadway with him on the spot."

"It's an insult to the Macadams such as I never before heard tell on," said the sergeant-major, who was the chairman.

"Blood alone would ha' washed it oot if things were as they should be," hic-

cuped a muddled colour-sergeant.

"Some action should be ta'en to mak' us quits," urged a time-expired man, who was developing a zeal for the welfare of the regiment, now that he was leaving it, such as he had never shown before.

"An' that could best be done by showing what a set o' carles the Olduns are," observed a third, who gloried in disturbances, provided he was safely out of

them.

"If," said the pipe-major reflectively, "if we could cover 'em wi' shame this night, 'twould be enough."

"Ye canna do it, Sandy," said the

chairman.

"An' what for can't I do it?" demanded the pipe-major hotly.

"Ye mustn't resort to force of arms,

man," answered the leader.

"Force o' sense may do far greater mischief," said the pipe-major.

"That's true," observed the chairman

slowly; "I hadna thought o' that."

"This very night," exclaimed the piper, rising from his chair, "I'll put the Olduns' guard to rout."

"Haud yer tongue, Sandy," commanded the chairman, "ye're talking like a fulish

man."

"I'll do it if it costs me my pension," said the pipe-major.

"Do what?" asked many voices.

"Cover 'em wi' shame this night for the shame they've put on me," answered the piper.

"An' how'll ye do it?" asked the chair-

man in amazement.

"That," answered the pipe-major, draining his glass, "ye'll see when I come



"I'LL DO IT IF IT COSTS ME MY PENSION."

back. I leave ye for a while, friends," and with this, he retired.

"Noo can ye see it?" he asked proudly,

when he re-appeared.

"Good Lord, Sandy Grant!" exclaimed the sergeant-major, "don't think on't. Tak' them claes aff, an' put them things away."

"Wi' much submission," said the piper firmly, "I'm no longer subject to yer authority. My time was up this morning. an' I hae my discharge aboot me noo."

"Do as ye will," said the senior resignedly. "I fear ye'll bring us inta

sad disgrace."

"That ye may depend on I'll never do," said the pipe major. "An' noo, if one or or two on ye cares to watch and see all's fair, step forth wi' me, but whatever else ye do, keep oot o' sight. The night's as dark as pitch, an' the fog's sae thick ye could slice it wi' a sword."

The pipe-major stepped into the darkness of the night, and two figures representing the company tripped stealthily in

his wake.

Private Wilkins Copp, of the North Riding Regiment, was mounting guard at the Old Barracks for the first time. He paced to and fro on his post with swelling heart, pausing once or twice to peer into the fog, and bringing his rifle to the charge to meet imaginary foes. The night was cold, but Copp's enthusiasm was enough to supply the warmth which

his great coat lacked.

"I hate a sloven of a sentry," he mused, tilting his helmet just a shade backward so as to fix it in the position that gave him the most warlike appearance. "I hate to see a man look as I've seen 'em look in the Volunteers—all anyhow, slouching up an' down on their posts like bags o' sawdust. This is the style," he continued, inflating his chest, throwing back his shoulders, turning out his toes at the proper angle and standing as erect and stiff as a lamp-post. "Do your work like a soldier, as you're paid to do; keep a sharp look-out; challenge every man that

comes, even if it's the Commander-inchief or the devil; an' don't let every swab that likes to pass get through without a word—as I've seen 'em do in Volunteer camps. No, hang it, order's order, an' the law's the law. I'd like to see the man, or creature, or thing that would dare to pass me if he couldn't give the proper answer Prince or pauper, I'd have him in the guard room before he could call on his mother to help him. Oh! I wish I'd got the chance to show 'em how

to do the thing in style. But there's no hope of it a night like this, an' in such a miserable hole. It's my beastly luck—I never get the chance I want. It's been the curse of me life so far, an' it'll be the thing that busts me at the end of all. The worst of this life is there isn't proper openings in it for active spirits. If you want to be anything, you must be born to it. If you're born a swell, you can't get far wrong; if—bless my soul! What's that?"

The sentry halted suddenly, and gazed, with slowly opening mouth, at the barrack

gate.

"Now, don't forget," the corporal of the guard had whispered in a friendly way, "that if anybody comes, what you've got to do's to port arms and sing out, 'Halt! Who come's there?' Don't squeak it, mind; holler as if you wuz orderin' a ridgiment to charge." But the warning had died from the private's re-

> membrance, and he simply murmured vacantly,"What is it?"

Private Copp was shrinking within himself, and he knew it. His valour had departed as completely as if it had never existed. His knees knocked violently against each other, his jaw fell until it could fall no more because of the chinstrap, and the military stiffness of his carriage was giving way to universal limpness.

The sentry retired step by step until his back collided with the box. The



THERE ADVANCED A CREATURE WHOSE LIKE HE HAD NEVER SEEN.

shock acted as a tonic, and bracing himself up, he managed, not, indeed, to port arms, but to bring his rifle to the charge, and to demand in a feeble voice. "Who comes there?" adding "Halt!" as an after-thought.

By way of answer there came a prolonged, subdued wail, and with it there advanced a creature, upon whose like his

eyes had never yet rested.

It was a creature of shadowy outline and gigantic stature, resembling in form beings of this world, but in its actions to be likened to nought of earth. It advanced, with long, stately strides, but its footfalls made no sound. It grew in the gloom until it seemed, in the sentry's dazed imagination, to tower over all things. Private Copp saw standing before him a figure cloaked in white, embracing, as it were, an infant; and two eyes shone from the folds of the head-dress with a power that made the lids of his own close instinctively.

The sentry heard a repetition of the soft, low wail, and a groan escaped him. Then he felt the butt of his rifle pushed insidiously against his hip, and his disorganised frame giving way before the pressure he found himself seated upon the floor of his sentry-box. When his eyes were again opened the unhallowed

visitor had gone.

Private Copp bounded to his feet, put his rifle with trembling hands into the corner of the box, and staggered into the

guard-room.

"Comrades," he gasped, throwing an arm round the neck of each relief, and clinging to them with the fervour of a lover, "comrades, I've seen a ghost!"

"Seen the devil!" exclaimed Private Toms; "let go my confounded throttle."

"Seen a ghost," protested Copp, "as sure as I'm alive. I'm sure it was one, because I don't believe in 'em, an' wasn't thinkin' of spirits when I saw it."

"You'd had something to do with 'em though," said Private Toms, "if your cowardly looks and drunken ways are

any guide."

"I'm as sober as a judge," said Copp

earnestly; "see me walk a bee-line."

"Get back to your post, you fool," commanded Private Toms, seizing the arm which still encircled his neck and throwing it from him. "D'ye hear! Get back—there'll be Old Nick to pay if the captain hears you've bolted."

"If it was an enemy of flesh an' blood," said the sentry, "I would, but as it is, I—I—can't; I—I—daren't. It isn't

human to expect it."

"Daren't, daren't?" sneered Private Toms. "You've got to, whether you care or not, you miserable chicken. Clear out, or I'll kick you back to the sentry-box. Ugh! You hulkin' coward," added the incensed soldier; "you're a disgrace to the ridgiment. D'ye want us to be nicknamed the Post Slopers or the Bolters? Come, out ye go."

Private Toms had already grasped the deserter by the cape of his great-coat, and was dragging him towards the door, when Private Reuben Gant put in a word

on his behalf.

"A minute or two sin'," he said, "w'en ye an' me wer' talkin', John, aw eeard a noise 'at fair flayëd ma ta deeath, an' maade me flesh creep. Yaw 'eeard it, John—I wor tellin' yaw abaht t' Norrud Green boggard."

"'Earin' ghost tales an' believin' 'em are two different things," said Private

John Toms.

"Boot yaw 'eeard t' noise as weel," said Gant, "an' said 'at it wor enoof ta

mak' a chap's belly wahrk."

"Shut up this imbesyle nonsense," said Toms angrily, "an' you get back to your post, Copp. You shiverin' duffer, if you don't know what's good for you, I do—out

you go."

Once more his hand was upon the sentry's cape, and he was about to lead him to the door, when there appeared at the entrance the figure which Copp had seen while on his post. The three soldiers for a moment stood like statues; then Copp wrenched himself away, and darted to the rear of Private Gant. Gant, in turn, took one pace backward and put himself behind Private Toms, Copp acting as if he formed part and parcel of him, stepping as he stepped, and keeping his position as rigidly as if the two were on parade, performing some mysterious drill. When the three stood behind each other the figure silently entered the doorway and became motionless, its shape made just visible in the dim atmosphere by the flickering light of the guard-room fire.

"If yawr sooä little flayëd o' that sooärt o' thing," whispered Gant tremblingly, in Private John Toms' ear, "gooä an' thraw

it neck an' crop inta t' street."

"Don't pin my arms like that," snapped

Toms; "hang it, let 'em go. Halt! who comes there?" he said boldly.

The figure, which was coming noiselessly and imperceptibly toward them, halted, and as answer to the challenge repeated the low, dirgelike wail which had caused the collapse of

Private Copp.

The recreant sentry groaned aloud, detached himself from the waist of Gant, fled to the end of the guard-room, and, with unsteady hands, raised the lower sash of the window, jumped through the opening, and fell on the ground outside. Private Gant looked at the vanishing figure, then at the apparition, and wavered no longer.

"You skulks," muttered Private Toms, when he felt that he was alone. "You miserable dogs, to leave a chap like this—it's comin' nearer!" he gasped, as he began slowly to fall back before the advanc-

ing form.

The hair of Private John Toms was beginning to rise upon his head, and his strong arms grew nerveless as he retired towards the

open window.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, with a desperate effort, "givin' way before a humbug of a thing like this. I'll wrestle with it fair and square, an' if it's a thing of earth we'll see who wrestles best. If it isn't, then heaven ha' mercy on me."

Toms was on the verge of a spring towards the enemy when, for the third time, the low, sad wail smote the air. His courage died more rapidly than it had risen, and making no further stand, he turned, ran to the window and vaulted through it. As he disappeared the wail grew into a crash of triumph, mingled with mad laughter. And while a gigantic figure



JUMPED AND FELL ON THE GROUND.

skipped noiselessly about the guard-room floor, three private soldiers fled in panic towards the quarters of Captain Hector Henderson.

The captain had dined in musti, and he was reading a railway mystery, with a cigar between his teeth, his body reclining in a wicker chair, and his legs spread comfortably but inelegantly before a crackling fire. The mystery was not so very mysterious, after all, and the officer found it somewhat of a drag, and was telling himself that if he only cared to try he could produce a much superior work.

"What in the name of goodness is that row about? Somebody in a fiend of a hurry, evidently," he muttered, as heavy blows rapidly followed each other on the door. "Come in," he cried; and three soldiers tumbled confusedly into

the room.

"'Shun!" commanded Private Toms in a husky voice, and the trio stood stiffly in a line.

Captain Henderson gazed over his shoulder for a moment at this

strange spectacle; then he drew his legs together, rose slowly from his chair, put his book down and his cigar upon it, and without saying a word stared deliberately at his visitors and waited for them to speak.

"Know it's against the Regulations, sir, to come in together like this," began Private Toms in unsteady tones, "but ghost

in the guard-room, sir."

"In a big w'ite shirt, an' makkin' awful noises in 'is belly," added Private Gant, who looked upon his captain now not as an officer, but as a fellow man.

"Just looked at me, sir, an' I fell in a 'eap in the sentry box," said Private Copp,

"causin' tinglin' sensations down my

spine."

"Drink in the addled brains of every one of you," said the captain, when his amazement had died away and his tongue could form words.

"If you doubt our word, you can see im for yourself, sir," said Private Toms.

"Sittin' on the guard-room stove, sir," put in Private Copp.

"An mooanin' fit ta boorst hissen," said

Private Gant.

"Come instantly with me," said Captain Henderson, bewildered by the entire proceeding, "and let me get at the real

meaning of this outrageous business." He led the way to the door, and the three followed him

across the parade.

"I believe we've been thunderin' big fools," thought Private Toms; but he held his tongue, and hoped for the worst for the officer, for whom otherwise he had profound respect. "I should feel a lot easier if he got something to keep him to his bed for a week," he mused fervently. "That would sort o' put me on the safe side, an' make this affair look genuine an' as it should look."

"You watch the guard-room window," said the officer, "and I'll go in by the door and investigate this stupid hoax."

"Alooane, sir?" asked Pri-

vate Gant.

"Yes," answered the officer scathingly; "I really don't think I should gain much by having any of you with me."

Private Toms remembered the words as he watched the back window. It'll go but hard with any thing or creature that comes this way," he muttered.

"Now then, look out, you two."

When the captain entered the guardroom, he saw in the gloom a figure standing motionless. Two eyes shone upon
him with a steadiness that unnerved him
in spite of himself, and the figure advanced
with a stateliness and stealthiness that
made him retreat a pace or two involuntarily. "He's an escaped lunatic,"
muttered the officer under his breath,
"and a dangerous one at that. Wants to
pass me and bolt." Then he stopped
suddenly and said aloud, "No man but a

trained soldier steps like that. If you're a soldier of the Queen, I order you to halt."

The officer advanced, but before he had walked six paces the visitor turned round, darted towards the window and leaped through it.

"Man or devil, we've got you this time," exclaimed Private Toms exultingly,

as he fell upon the figure.

"I'm nut so certain a baht that," added Gant ruefully, as he rose from the ground. "Yound thing's as strong as a' elephant—'e knocked all t' three on us dann as if we'd been cornstalks."



"YOU CAN SEE HIM FOR YOURSELF, SIR,"

"An' there were other two sprang out of a corner," said Private Copp, rubbing his elbow tenderly, "an' 'elped that big fat object to get away."

"Have you got him?" demanded Captain Henderson, leaning out of the

window.

"No, sir," answered Private Toms, "he was a bit too big an' slippery, an' seemed to divide hisself into three parts; but I've got a thing here that may tell us who he is an' where he's from."

"Bring it round," said the captain.
"Now what is it you've got?" he asked,
when the three had re-entered the room.

"There it is, sir; I haven't looked at

it yet," said Private Toms, holding his trophy forth. "I couldn't see it in the

dark, but it feels mighty queer."

The officer started back and said nothing; Private Copp's senses swam, and Private John Toms' vision grew dim as he looked upon the thing he held at arm's length and from it to the dumfounded superior.

Private Gant alone preserved his faculties unimpaired. "Well, I'm damned," he said slowly, regardless of

everybody present. "Bagpipes!"

The captain stepped forward, took the instrument, stuffed it into the fire, and watched it as it burned, holding a handker-chief to his nose.

Private Copp, unordered, had gone back to his post, and was walking to and fro with shame in his heart and the spirit of vengeance against the world at large

simmering within him.

Private Gant, whose soul was musical, and who possessed a flute, looked covetously on the wreck of the pipes, but there was that in the look of the officer which warned him not to carry out his intention of asking for the things as a present. "Ther's soomat wrong 'eeär," he murmured at last, "an' I can't see 'at 'e can want me. I'd better leeäve theeäse two ta feight it aht; after all, it's nooä business o' mine." He stepped, unnoticed, out of the guard-room, and having

gained the square, took off his helmet and placed his forehead against the clammy wall of the guard-room. "That feels cooler," he said, "an' this," he added, inhaling the fog, "this taästes sweet after smellin' them

burnin' pipes."

When the fire had done its work, the captain placed his boot upon the ashes of the instrument and pressed them into the grate. Then he turned slowly to Private Toms, who was standing mutely at attention, not knowing what else to do. "Raw lads like Copp and Gant can be excused," said the officer, "but you Toms—"

"I know it, sir," interrupted the private; "I played the fool. I don't know how it happened, but I got a fit o' the panics."

"For once," said the officer, "you've acted like a sodger—and you know what that means to a North Riding man."

"If," said Private Toms very slowly, when Henderson had gone, "if I didn't know he spoke the truth, I'd make him eat his words, if I got ten years for it."

"Rough on a man like Toms," said Captain Henderson, sinking into his wicker chair; "but the thing's so bad that really I couldn't let it pass without a sharp word. There have been some queer meetings between the Olduns and the Newuns, but this is the queerest of all. I wonder what on earth was the cause of it: spite or drink, or both, on the part of one or more of the Newuns—that's certain."

Then the captain stretched forth his legs, and put his hands into his pockets, and laughed till tears ran down his face.

"Will you an' Gant come wi' me round by the sergeants' mess?" asked Private Toms gloomily, as soon as they were relieved. "I want to show you something."

Toms had not spoken since Henderson told him he had acted like a "sodger," and Copp and Gant marvelled at his language now.

"There's nobody about, is there?" asked Toms, when he had shut the door upon the three of them.

"Nut a sowl," said Private Gant.



"BAOPIPES!"

"An' suppose we made a bit of a noise here?" pursued the senior; "there's no-

body could hear it, is there?"

"Ther' isn't a man within a hoondred yards," said Private Gant. "Boot what is it yawr wantin' ta show us, John, for I moon be off ta bed if I'm ta get onny sleep."

"I want to show you the two biggest fools on earth," said Private Toms. "Look at one another. An' now you've looked, take that by way of fixin' things in your granite skulls," he added. Before the two could answer, he had seized them by the hair and ears, and had brought their heads into violent collision.

"Yaw'd better let my loogs alooane," growled Private Gant in an evil temper, as he shook himself free. "Yaw've nooa chicken ta feight if yaw begin ta feight me."

"Fight you—you fight?" snarled Private Toms; "why, you can't do anything

but jump out o' winders an' run."

"Roon or noot roon, I'll pawse t' first man ta deeath 'at lays 'ands on my loogs ageean like that," said Gant stoutly.

"Say another word," replied the infuriated Toms, "an' I'll fling you like a sack o' muck out o' the door. You two want lickin' into soldiers, an' the man to do it's the man you've covered with disgrace this confounded night. He'll do it, too, if you only keep your tongues from waggin'. Trust the captain not to say a word about this—he's too fond o' the honour o' the ridgiment. As' to the long-legged swab that did it, leave him to me. Him an' me'll settle in the future. Come an' have a drink," said Private Toms in kinder tones.

"There's good in evil, after all," mur-

mured Private Copp.

Neither the captain nor the guard ever admitted or confessed the rout, but a braggart scribe in the Macadam's regimental organ told a story, which he alleged was based on fact, and which he called "The Piper's Serenade."



"THE PIPER'S SERENADE"

## A Chat About the Law Courts.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

II.

S the head of the Queen's Bench Division, Lord Coleridge occupies, in the practical affairs connected with the administration of the law, a position only less influential than that of the Lord Chancellor. The present Lord Chief Justice has a seat in the House of Lords, and receives a salary of £8,000 a-year, which is £3,000 in excess of that paid to the other judges—with the exception of the Master of the Rolls, who receives  $f_{0,000}-f_{2,000}$  more than that paid to the law lords, and only £2,000 short of that which is attached to the Chancellorship. Such patronage, moreover, as is not dispensed by the Lord Chancellor falls into the hands of the Lord Chief Justice. In the days of the Unionist Government, Lord Coleridge, it was said, was only waiting for the advent of Mr. Gladstone to resign this exalted position. His lordship's political friends have been in office nearly two years, and yet no vacancy has occurred. It is now believed that Lord Coleridge will sacrifice himself, when the present Government approaches its end, rather than run the risk of placing the appointment of his successor in the hands of Lord Salisbury. Such is believed to be his friendship for the present Prime Minister and dislike for the party now occupying the Opposition side of the House of Com-

In December next Lord Coleridge will have been fourteen years Lord Chief Justice. At the time of his appointment by Mr. Gladstone he was exceedingly well-known—for a lawyer, that is—to the general public. He had been for many years a member of the House of Commons, and for several the first law officer of the Crown, but his fame was chiefly due to the fact that he had been the leading counsel in the prosecution of the Tichborne claimant, a rôle well remembered by the Bar for its splendid cross-examination, and by the general public for the form which

that cross-examination sometimes took. It is to be feared that since that time his lordship has done nothing to attract more wide-spread attention than was given to his appearance in some painful family litigation, and his profession of ignorance concerning the identity of Miss Connie Gilchrist.

What will be most missed in the Courts when Lord Coleridge ceases to preside over the Queen's Bench Division is probably the literary charm which he usually gives to his judgments, and the silvery voice in which they are delivered. As becomes a descendant of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the Lord Chief Justice is an accomplished scholar as well as an erudite lawyer. He resembles Sir John Lubbock in the wealth and variety of his literary allusions. Lord Coleridge composes essays for the monthly reviews, and is fond, now and again, of discoursing on some literary theme to an audience whose respect for his lordship's learning is emphasised by the intellectual dignity which his appearance presents on the platform as on the Bench. Lord Coleridge has one serious failing—a defective sense of time. Halfpast ten is the appointed time for the opening of the Courts; but it very frequently happens that while barristers, witnesses and reporters are convinced that that hour has arrived, the Lord Chief Justice's yellow-painted chariot is still some distance away. His lordship has sometimes returned to his home in Sussex Square, Hyde Park, on Friday, evidently under the impression that it was the eve of the Sabbath, for he has not been seen in the Courts again till the following Mon-This failing has been particularly noticeable, too, just before the vacations, which, in the legal world, are so many and long during the year.

It is a failing from which, it is true, few occupants of the Bench are wholly free. Mr. Justice Hawkins, for instance, has been known, on important race days, to be

similarly oblivious to legal duties. But the Lord Chief Justice, to whose example the other judges may be expected to pay some heed, is the arch-offender in this matter, and this notwithstanding the fact that the work he has to perform is largely of his own choosing. Before the beginning of each term the Lord Chief Justice has sometimes gone through the list, and allotted to his own court such cases as he thinks fit. In this way his lordship arranged to try such exceptionally interesting actions as those brought by Mr. Frank O'Donnell against the Times, and by Wood, the jockey, against the proprietors of the Licensed Victuallers' Gazette; for although indifferent as he likes to show himself to

accused, or more determined in securing for him the fairest possible trial. thieves' kitchens Sir Henry Hawkins is known as "old Harry"; and a short time since, at a legal dinner at which he was one of the principal guests, much amusement was caused by the band playing "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins." In point of judicial service, Mr. Justice Hawkins ranks next to Mr. Baron Pollock, the senior judge of the Queen's Bench Division; he was appointed to the Bench in 1875, "the last of the barons" having preceded him two years before. A rumour that Mr. Justice Hawkins is about to resign periodically appears; but although his lordship was long since entitled to the pension,



Photo. by]

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS

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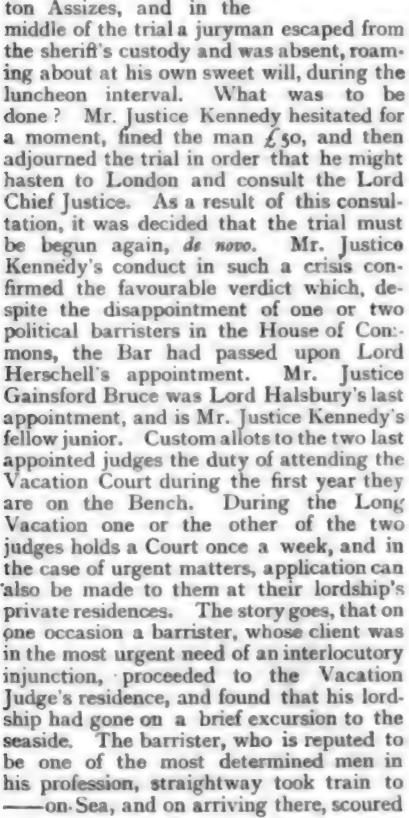
be to matters of common knowledge among men in the street, his lordship is seemingly glad to see the reporters' boxes in his commodious court filled by industrious scribes.

Of all the judges, Mr. Justice Hawkins is undoubtedly the best-known to the general public, the reason being that he has figured so much in important criminal trials at the Old Bailey and on circuit. Early in his judicial career his lordship obtained a reputation as a "hanging judge," and, although no longer quite deserved, it clings to him still. His features, with which most people have become familiar, have not the Draconian austerity that might be supposed; and, in truth, although his sentences are generally too severe in the present age, no judge is more thoughtful for the interests of the

amounting to two-thirds of the salary which rewards fifteen years' work on the Bench, he evidently loves his work too well to give it up. In a year or two Sir Henry will be an octogenarian, but it is but fair to add that his intellectual powers, his quick grasp of facts, and his clear perception of the principles of law applying to each case, are still admirable. It is only when it is accompanied by the loss of some physical sense—as in the case of Lord Field's deafness; or mental faculty, as in the case of Sir James Stephen's forgetfulness—that old age on the Bench would become injurious to the interests of the public.

These judges are the veterans of the Queen's Bench division; the majority of those who now occupy the Bench have been appointed within the last eight years.

Lord Halsbury, during his term of the Chancellorship, had no fewer than eight vacancies to fill up, whereas, since returning to the woolsack nearly two years ago, Lord Herschell has had the appointment of only one Queen's Bench judge, viz.:-Mr. Justice Kennedy. It was Mr. Justice Kennedy who, immediately after his promotion, was confronted with an emergency that was so exceptional as to have daunted the most experienced of judges. His lordship had to try a murder case at the Northamp- Ih to by MR. JUSTICK WRIGHT. [Whitlock, tion at the Law Courts. Of





the town in search of the judge. At last, after a long search, he descried his lordship enjoying a bath in the sea. -'s impatience could be restrained no longer, so entering the next bathing machine, he quickly joined the judge and at once began stating his case. The judge listened attentively in the intervals of the waves, and that evening the barrister returned victoriously to London.

It must be considered one of the faults of our legal system that party politics enter so largely into promo-

the judges appointed by the late Lord Chancellor, for instance, only one was not "on the same side," and the exception, Mr. Justice Wright, had almost a prescriptive right to judicial honours from having been Attorney General's "devil." Mr. R. S. Wright consequently became a judge without having been a Q.C., and at the time it was reported that he would violate the traditions by declining the knighthood which is always conferred on the newly appointed judge. There was some delay in the new judge's visit to the Queen, but ultimately it was found that the Radical principles, which in the General Election of 1886 he had advocated unsuccessfully at Stepney, did not prevent his lordship from accepting this distinction from Her Majesty's hands. Although there is no doubt that at one time he did contemplate this piece of iconoclasm, there was nothing to suggest it in Sir Robert Samuel Wright's previous career. His antecedents were, socially, almost colourlessly conventional. The son of a country rector, he traversed the usual path from Oxford to the Inner Temple, from the Inner Temple to the Northern Circuit, and thence to a good practice in the Queen's Bench Courts. At the Bar he was distinguished by the earnestness of his speech: on the Bench he has been hardly less distinguished by his never-failing courtesy to everyone in his Court. Like his father before him, Mr. Justice Wright married the daughter of a clergyman, and in his home finds an inexhaustible recreation in classical studies. It was at Mr.

Justice Wright's house, by the way, that Professor Jowett died, and his lordship is one of the distinguished scholar's executors.

One of the drawbacks of judicial office is the long sitting it involves. The health of several judges has suffered from a lack of exercise. Recognising this fact, Mr. Justice Mathew is wise enough to avoid the danger of his position by occasionally rising from his cushioned seat and walking to and fro on the Bench. As if in confirmation of the popular idea that a man's mind moves more freely when he uses his legs, Sir James Mathew's comments upon the arguments of counsel appear to be keener when he is indulging in this pedestrian exercise. Like many another distinguished ornament of the English Bench, he is an Irishman, and is not without a measure of native wit. Some of his sayings, uttered in the deepest voice to be heard in the Courts, are particularly good, and are freshly remembered in the common rooms of the Inns. "The truth does sometimes leak out, even in an affidavit," was the caustic epigram which fell quietly from his lips not many months ago. The nephew of Father Mathew, the famous apostle of temperance in Ireland, the learned judge is ardently attached to his native country. He spends all his vacations there, while his sympathy with the Home Rule movement was made the subject of a bitter attack when he undertook the thankless task of presiding over



Photo by ] MR. JUSTICE MATHEW. [Whitlock.



MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

[Williams.

the Evicted Tenants' Commission. In his great knowledge of commercial life he resembles Mr. Justice Cave, who was raised to the Bench a few days after him. That was just over thirteen years ago, so that in two years' time each of these learned judges will become entitled to a retiring pension. For several years Mr. Justice Cave occupied the position of Judge in Bankruptcy, but his claim to public remembrance rests chiefly upon the fact that he presided over the trial in which Mr. Hurlbert introduced the mysterious character of "Wilfred Murray" to a wondering world. He possesses a remarkably keen eye for a flaw in an argument, and when a barrister hears him utter his favourite phrase—"That won't do, you know"—he usually deems it advisable to pass to "another branch of the case."

In the office of Bankruptcy Judge Mr. Justice Cave was succeeded by Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, who has been aptly described as "a Welshman from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet." Like Lord Coleridge and Mr. Baron Pollock, he is the son of a judge, and his legal erudition and judicial manner bear out the principles of heredity. The peculiar roll of the body with which he keeps time to his ponderous sentences has caused the sobriquet of "Rolling Williams" to be conferred upon him, but his judgments are as a rock. Arrayed in ermine, he is the picture of a judge: his dark, splendidly-

cut features possess a gravity which is even more than proverbially severe. In mufts he presents the appearance of a prosperous farmer who has devoted his winter evenings to the acquisition of knowledge. And this suggestion is not without some basis of fact. In the neighbourhood of his Surrey home, which lies at the foot of Leith Hill, he is known as an enthusiastic student agriculture, and the greater part of his leisure is spent in superintending the farming operations of his homestead. His love of country

Justice Wills, who lives in a charming house at Esher, to which he returns every day after the labours of the Courts are over. Immediately "term and talk are done," Sir Alfred Wills hastens away to the Alps, where he is almost as much at home as he is in the Temple. He has recorded his impressions of the scenery in which he delights to spend his holidays in two interesting books. one entitled "The Eagle's Nest," and the other, "Wanderings in the High Alps." As courteous as he is learned, he is probably the most popular judge on the Bench. His whole life has been spent in intimate connection with the law, for his father was a Birmingham solicitor—a fact which rendered his presence at the opening of the new Assize Courts in the capital of the Midlands peculiarly acceptable to the citizens. During the ten years the healthful glow of his kindly face has adorned the Bench, he has presided over two murder trials of sensational interest. was the Pimlico poisoning case, in which Sir Edward Clark scored one of the greatest triumphs of advocacy; the other was the Crewe case, in which two sons were convicted of murdering their father, and which is remembered chiefly on account of the extraordinary spirit of compromise which prompted Mr. Mathews, when assailed by representations on either side, to reprieve the one and not the other.

For some five years Sir Alfred Wills acted as president of the Railway Commission—a dignified body consisting of a



pursuits is shared by Mr. Photo by] we justice wills. [What'ork

judge and two laymen, which, at somewhat unfrequent intervals, sits for the purpose of settling the disputes that arise between railway companies, and before which the leaders of the Parliamentary Bar are wont to appear. When Mr. Justice Wills resigned the presidency of this tribunal, it was assumed by Mr. Justice Henn Collins, who was raised to the Bench in the midst of one of the largest practices ever enjoyed in the Courts. When he was appointed a judge, the briefs that were returned to his clients represented a small fortune. He was engaged to argue

points of law rather than to deal with questions of fact, and during the heyday of his professional success, he appeared in several cases in which notable judgments were delivered. Among the number were Sharp v. Wakefield—in which the House of Lords decided that a publican's licence may be withdrawn, even if no misconduct can be charged against its owner—and the celebrated Jackson case, in which the Court of Appeal shattered the preconceived notions of the



Photo. by]

MR. JUSTICE COLLING,

[Stereoscopic Co.

lords of creation, by holding that a husband could not compel his wife to reside with him. Mr. Justice Henn Collins is as skilful, indeed, in determining a point of law as he is in angling for a salmon, and that is saying a good deal. He shares with Lord Justice Smith, Mr. Justice North and Sir John Rigby, an ardent attachment to the gentle pastime, but while the Lord



MR. JUSTICE DAY.

Photo. by [Stereoscopic Co.

Justice and the Solicitor-General practise the piscatorial art in Scotland, and Mr. Justice North prefers the rivers of Ireland, Mr. Justice Collins displays his skill in

Norway.

It was the special delight of the caricaturists, who made frantic efforts to render the protracted proceedings of the Parnell Commission of some interest to the man in the street, to lavish their skill upon the features of Mr. Justice Day. "The Close of Day" was the irreverent title of one of these efforts, depicting the learned judge asleep on the Bench. But Mr. Justice Day is not always in slumber when his eyes are shut. He possesses a remarkable power over his tongue; the times he opened his mouth during the whole of the famous proceedings in Probate Court, No. II., might be counted on the hands of a man who has lost his thumbs. Taking advantage of the ample leisure with which the circuit system provides the judges, Mr. Justice Day is accustomed to ride from one assize town to another on horseback. His name strikes terror into the hearts of the prisoners who are awaiting trial on his circuit, for, though not without some consideration for criminals, when they have been safely placed under lock and key—he has frequently complained of the accommodation of prisoners—his sentences are severer than those of any other judge on the Bench. In his lenient moments he can pass a joke with the Bar. but he never appears to be very happy on the Bench. If you desire to see him in his pleasantest mood, you must behold him in a picture gallery, where he passes from painting to painting with the conscientious diligence and critical delight of a travelled connoisseur. A very different type of judge is Mr. Justice Charles, who is one of the most erudite men in the Oueen's Bench Courts. He is deeply versed in ecclesiastical and manorial lore, and pays but little regard to the trivialities His temperament is absolutely judicial in its undemonstrativeness. Essentially sincere in all he says and does, he possesses none of the "garrulous ease and oily courtesies" which distinguished the King in "The Princess." Despite the outcry which was started against him, when he sentenced Hargan to twenty years' imprisonment for shooting two men in the street, Sir Arthur Charles is one of the best and most merciful administrators of the criminal law in the country. Among those who really know him, he is



Photo. by] WR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM. [Stereoscopic Ca.

known as "Charles the Mild." Addressing a prisoner who had been found guilty of a serious offence against a woman, his lordship remarked that the Court could not possibly take a lenient view of the case, and passed upon him the severe sentence of eight months' hard labour! He is a leading light of the University of London, which he contested as a Conservative in 1880. He is a scholar as well as a lawyer, though he does not devote any of his leisure to addressing young men who spend their even-

minds.



Mr. Justice Grantham does not pose as a littérateur, but seeks the reputation of a squire, with which he is amply satisfied in the neighbourhood of his-ancestral seat near Lewes, where he is thoroughly at home among his tenants, his horses and his dogs. He is one of the leading members of the "liver brigade," the title of a little body of lawyers who ride from their homes to the Courts on horseback. As a judge he shines to most advantage in trying common jury cases. It is seldom that Mr. Justice Grantham is called upon to determine a difficult question of law, and he does not complain of the character of his work. His sound common sense enables him to preside over breach of promise trials with a success which a more erudite lawyer might not attain. A similar compliment may be paid to Mr. Justice Lawrance, who is the tallest man on the Bench, and is still familiarly known in the Temple as "Long Lawrance." Both were wellknown figures in the political world before they were elevated to the Bench. Sir William Grantham was a leading spirit of the Primrose League, and was credited with a feeling of disappointment when Sir Richard Webster, who had not taken any active part in political strife, was made Attorney-General in 1885. Sir John Lawrance was a tower of strength for the Conservatives in Lincolnshire, where now he is a distinguished figure in social life. Even when he was a comparatively young man his influence over the rustic intelligence of the Fens was powerful in the extreme. "For whom do you find -the plaintiff or the defendant?" a Lincolnshire jury was asked. "Well," replied the foreman, "we don't exactly know the party's name, but our verdict be for Mr. Lawrance."

After the ex-Attorney-General, the busiest counsel practising in the Common Law Courts is Mr. Finlay, Q.C. He is not gifted with the magic charm of eloquence, but he possesses a power of even greater value in the ings in improving their I hoto. by MR. JUSTICE LAWRANCE. [Whitlook. Courts—that which belongs to a striking com-

bination of legal learning, ready reasoning and lucid speech. He is engaged in all the big commercial cases, in which he is either supported or opposed by Mr. Bigham, Q.C., who is the leader of the Northern circuit and is rapidly rising into the foremost rank of the Bar. Both these eminent lawyers were engaged in other pursuits before they joined the Bar. Mr. Finlay belonged to the medical profession, while Mr. Bigham, whose father was a merchant in the city, was a member of the Liverpool Exchange.



Photo. by] [Whatlock. MR. JELF, Q.C.



Photo. by]

[Russell and Sons.

Another Q.C., who, though little known outside them, enjoys a great reputation in legal circles, is Mr. Channell, Q.C. He is the son of a judge. Solid learning seldom fails to make its mark in the legal profession, the members of which never mistake mere fluency and sharpness for forensic worth. About the courts

"Pygmies are pygmies still tho' perched on Alps; And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

Three other accomplished lawyers are Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C., and Mr. Jelf, Q.C., each of whom, however, is as effective in addressing a jury as in arguing a case before a judge. Mr. Jelf has distinguished himself by attacking the jury system. Regarding the disagreement of juries as a serious injustice to suitors, he recommends that the great majority of civil causes should be tried without a jury, and although his views cannot be regarded as logically sound, the recent increase in the number of nonjury cases tends, beyond all doubt, to jus-

In the realm of advocacy, pure and simple, the most distinguished place, next to Sir Charles Russell's and Sir Edward Clarke's—with which we have dealt already—belongs to Mr. Lockwood. Though somewhat uneven in his style, the genial and learned gentleman is always an effective speaker. Combined with his eloquence and humour is a particularly firm grasp of facts, a singular power of taking in a situation at a glance, and an extensive knowledge of the world. It is to his crossexamining powers, however, that his success is chiefly due. Not even Sir Charles Russell is so successful with a witness who is inclined to be impertinent, because he has something he desires to conceal from Mr. Lockwood's nimble wit gives him the advantage in every encounter of this description. Other Q.C.s who occupy an eminent position in the same realm are Mr. Kemp, Mr. William Willis, Mr. Murphy and Mr. McCall. The firstnamed advocate has had his powers of cross-examination sharpened to a razorlike edge by a long experience of "running down" cases, in which there is more hard swearing than in any other kind of dispute brought into the courts. He is standing counsel to nearly all the tramway companies in the Metropolis—a fact which inspired one of the best caricatures Mr. Lockwood ever drew. In it Mr. Kemp is

depicted as a little boy seated at a table and playing with a toy tram-

Strangely enough, neither Sir Francis Jeune nor Mr. Justice Barnes had any experience of the Divorce Court before they sat there as judges. Although not so rapid as their predecessors, Lord Hannen and Sir Charles Butt, their administration of justice in the court, to which the eyes of the public are directed more often than to any other, has, nevertheless, given unqualified satisfaction. The president had not practised in any part of the division which is concerned



Photo. by] MR. MCCALL, Q.C. [Elliott and Fry.

with such ill-assorted things as wills, matrimonial offences and ships, but Sir Francis quickly mastered even the technicalities of the Admiralty Court, where the judge is assisted by the Trinity Masters. Mr. Justice Barnes was quite at home in this Court; the greater part of his forensic career was passed there, and for some years he enjoyed the leading practice in shipping cases. This is now the possession of Sir Walter Phillimore, whose fluency is the terror of the reporters and the admiration of his friends. The Admiralty Court is the most picturesque in the building. Above the judge's chair is a golden anchor

and coil, while upon his desk is the silver oar associated with the memory of Drake. It is famous, moreover, as the Court in which the Parnell Commission met. Among the regular practitioners in the Divorce Court, Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., is facile princeps; but in all the sensational trials such eminent men as Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Lockwood are brought in, and the nominal leader of the Court, whose insinuating ways with witnesses renders him particularly successful as a cross-examiner, plays a less prominent part in its proceedings.

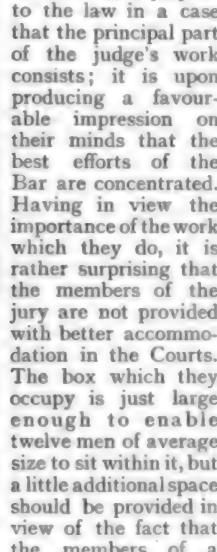
The public gallery in the Divorce Court is always in an overcrowded state, and attendants have to be stationed at the doors to prevent the ingress of still more people. It has been suggested that the authorities should make a charge for admission to this place of entertainment, and the keen competition at the doors, whenever a cause celebre is being tried, shows that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could make a substantial addition to his revenue in this way.

On the subject of summing-up to the jury the judges are still somewhat divided in opinion. At one time judges were at scrupulous pains to make their addresses as colourless as possible, and the result was too often the bald and useless re-

petition of the evidence which was so effectively caricatured by Dickens and other writers. Among the present Queen's Bench judges the prevailing view, the visitor to the Courts will observe, is this —that while confining himself strictly to an analysis of the evidence which has been given, and an explanation of the law bearing upon the case, a judge, in summing-up, should not conceal any opinion he may have as to the weight of evidence on the one side or the other.

After all, the most important personages in the Queen's Bench Court are the occupants of the jury-box. It is in the right

direction of a jury as to the law in a case that the principal part of the judge's work consists; it is upon producing a favourable impression their minds that the best efforts of the Bar are concentrated. Having in view the importance of the work which they do, it is rather surprising that the members of the jury are not provided with better accommodation in the Courts. The box which they occupy is just large enough to enable twelve men of average size to sit within it, but a little additional space should be provided in view of the fact that the members of a



jury sometimes exceed the average size, and that they have to sit long enough to make changes of posture desirable. Until quite lately the seats were of unrelenting hard wood. So, it may be said, are still the seats occupied by counsel, but, unlike the jurymen, counsel have opportunities of rising in their seats, or even of leaving them for a time.

It is the jury who largely determine the length of a case as to which, when complaint is made with more or less justice in the press, responsibility is usually cast entirely on the judge and on the counsel. There is a good deal of human nature about barristers, and if a case is bringing them large fees, as well as much publicity,



Photo. by] SIR FRANCIS JEUNE. [Elliott and Fry.

there are doubtless very few who make any effort to keep it within the narrowest possible limits. But the judge, who has no pecuniary interest one way or the other, may be trusted to rule out any irrelevancy or needless repetition. What a barrister cannot be expected to do, and what a judge will not venture to do, the jury might frequently do with propriety and success in cutting short a case. In reference to the Zierenberg case, Mr. Labouchere said with much force that the jury might have abbreviated that prolonged case by probably one half if they had only told the judge when their minds were made Mr. Labouchere seemed to think that in the case of special juries the guinea a-day remuneration might sometimes lead to prolongation of a trial; but probably lack of courage causes a jury to refrain from intervening more often than the more sordid motive. It is not every jury who know that they can, and indeed should, express their opinion if they consider the case is being unnecessarily prolonged. The demeanour of some of the judges towards their juries is not always such as to inspire confidence in the part which they have to perform. If every judge were to emulate the example of Mr. Justice Mathew in this respect, the jurymen's lot would undoubtedly be a happier one.

In recent years, as we have said, the number of cases set down for trial without a jury has been somewhat on the increase, and Mr. Jelf believes that this circumstance indicates the soundness of

his distrust in the principle of trial by jury. This distinguished Q.C. is fond of periodically bringing forward the misdeeds of juries, but his arguments have made very little impression on his fellow barristers. On the whole, the jury-box must inspire our respect as much as the Bench or the Bar. Disagreements do not occur so often as might be expected, although it must be confessed that as many more are probably averted by a compromise as to the amount of damages. It is seldom that a judge nowadays tells a jury that he does not agree Photo. by]



Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE BARNES. [Barraud.

with their verdict, and seldomer still that he refuses to give judgment in accordance with their finding. As for that other danger of the jury system—bribery and corruption—it has quite disappeared. "Embracery," the offence of entertaining the members of a jury at the time of a trial, is still treated of in all legal textbooks, but in recent years only two cases have occurred. In one of these Mrs. Weldon accused her successful opponent of "embracery," but the accusation was not sustained.

On the other hand, it is to be feared

that there has of late been no improvement in the ethics of the witness-box; too many people still regard it as an arena in which, to serve their purpose, the art of lying may be practised safely and shamelessly. One of the Queen s Bench judges described the Courts a short time since as "reeking with perjury," and it is understood that the Home Secretary is even now devising measures for increasing the proportion of truth that is told in the witness-box. In the great debate of a year or so since on cross-examination, too little account was



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SIR WALTER PHILLIMORE.

[Ellio t and Fry.

taken, we think, of the weapon with which counsel are too often assailed. Cross-examination — skilful, ruthless, penetrating —is the only method yet known of exposing the lie; abolish that, or even seriously curtail that, and the false witness would be triumphant in a great many more cases than he is at present. Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Willis, Mr. Cock and other leading advocates have doubtless often committed errors of judgment, and occasionally errors of taste, in crossexamining witnesses of whom, rightly or wrongly, they have had suspicions. But systematic brow-beat-

ing, constant bullying, has become impossible in the Queen's Bench Courts, simply because the present race of judges will not tolerate it; if they did, the present type of juries is such that they would quickly resent it, and solicitors who had regard to their clients' interests would have no more to do with barristers who were bullies and brow-beaters.

In truth, no art has to be more carefully practised, with more delicate tact and quicker judgment, than that of cross-examination. To the less experienced advocate even the examination of his own witnesses presents difficulties and dangers. The formal questions and answers with which the colloquy opens, serve to put the witness somewhat at his ease, but occa-



MR INGLE JOYCE,
THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S "DEVIL"

Photo by] [Van der Weyde

sionally the barrister is as much in need of the breathing space as the witness. One of the difficulties of examination arises from the necessity of adhering to the rules of evidence which narrow the form in which questions may be put. As a rule, witnesses go into the box practically ignorant of any laws of evidence, and are consequently not a little hurt and surprised when in the midst of a fluent answer they are stopped by the judge's exclamation, "You mustn't say that!" "Did he say anything?" counsel will ask witness, immediately adding, as he remembers that hear-say evidence was

inadmissible, "You must not tell us what it was." It is not surprising that witnesses sometimes lose their heads, even when under examination by counsel on their own side. On the other hand, it sometimes happens, when a witness has often been under fire before, and the "junior" to whom his examination has been entrusted is a 'prentice hand, that calmness reigns in the witness-box, while there is hot confusion in the body of the Court. In the rare event of the questioner losing his head, the result may be ludicrous in the extreme, "Have you attended Mr. - since he committed suicide?" was a question, for instance, we recently heard asked of a doctor who was under examination.

## Some People we have Met this Month.



THE MAN WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE IN HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS.



THE MAN WHO DOES.



THE COOK WHO HAS COUSINS IN THE ARMY.



NE hundred and one years ago, a monarch lay awaiting his doom in what had been a palace, but was now a prison, in the midst of the brilliant capital of his realm—the gayest city

in Europe!

The descendant of a long line of despotic kings, he was—whatever acts of tyranny and oppression may have disgraced their reigns, and they were doubtless many—himself urbane, mild and gentle to a degree. Indeed, his spirit revolted against recourse even to such modified coercion as would nevertheless have saved not only his throne, but his life and the lives of countless thousands of his unfortunate subjects. Alas, that a worse evil than the tyranny of kings can befall a country in the madness of its people! Transformed into infuriated wild beasts, they thirsted and roared for the blood of their king, and for that of those near and dear to him, not even excepting his gracious consort, whose only crime was that she was his lawful, wedded wife!

Awed and terror-stricken, the few who retained loyalty in their hearts to the poor sovereign—who had loved France "not wisely but too well"—durst not lift a finger to save him: self-preservation rendered it politic that they should even dissemble

their pity!

In this darkest of dark moments, a man of noble mien and bearing stepped forth and demanded of the cruel jailers an audience with his sovereign. Fear had no place in a heart which was too full of gratitude to the royal patron who had erstwhile befriended him, and protected him with the ægis of his too brief authority.

This man (worthy in every sense to be so called) belonged neither to the higher nor to the lower ranks of society. The former had been only too ready, at the first sign of danger, to make good their

escape from their sorely-tried fatherland; the latter were the rabble, who, for the time being, were the masters of the situation. Our hero belonged to the despised bourgeois, or middle class, who, in the fearful reign of terror, bore the brunt of the storm.

What mission was it which led him to jeopardise his life in seeking an interview calculated to bring down upon himself "the wrath of the oppressors?" to announce to his sovereign that, out of the capital he had made in being allowed to carry out in peace the beneficent inventions of his fertile brain, he had bought back for the king's behoof a beautiful château, which had been the poor monarch's delight in happier days. Not pausing for the death which they compassed of their victim, the wretches had proceeded to distribute his belongings to the highest bidder, and thus afforded to our noble-hearted hero the opportunity of displaying both his gratitude and loyalty to one who was now "too poor "for others "to do him reverence."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the affecting scene in the prison. The poor king, overwhelmed with this act of delicate sympathy, generosity and loyalty, conceived and carried out without ostentation by this large-hearted man, exclaimed, "Keep it; it is yours. No one is so worthy of it as yourself, and no other would I prefer to be its possessor."

Our hero was one Sebastian Erard, and the Chateau la Muette the palace, the monument of his honour, industry and bravery, and still the residence of his

descendants.

It is fitting that we should here digress for an instant, in order to enlighten our readers as to who this Sebastian Erard was, and wherein poor Louis XVI. had befriended him.

Although at the period at which we

have introduced him to our readers he was still comparatively a young man, he had already made for himself, in the "arts of peace," a great name throughout his native land as a man of super-ordinary genius and invention.

Born at Strasburg on 5th of April, 1752, the son of a cabinetmaker, Sebastian Erard early developed a natural love for tools, and evinced great skill and deli-

cacy in woodwork. His father, however, in spite of the fact that he had a numerous family, took care that Sebastian Erard should receive a thoroughly good education—not an easy matter for a poor parent in those days. With such keen ardour, however, did the boy take to drawing, mechanics and geometry, that he carried off all the prizes within his reach. Indeed, throughout life his pencil was seldom laid aside; and, although his fertility of invention was boundless, he drew everything in every conceivable form before attempting to work out a model, and thus was it so carefully modified and mastered that the work eventually came out free of failure or blemish.

An eminent and kindly writer, to whom we are indebted for some of the personal



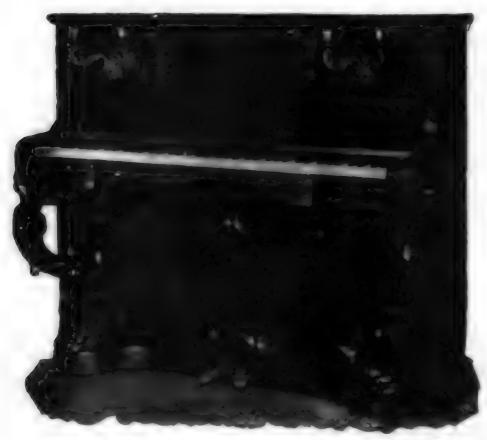
DEDARTIAN ERABD.

particulars of our hero, states that "he would throw off in a morning, sketches sufficient to make the reputation of a dozen mechanicians, and, selecting only what was best, think no more about the others. His workshops, in Paris and London, filled with diagrams and models, were the despair and wonder of the inventors of his day, who were glad to build many of their successes upon his failures."

In Paris, for several years prior to the period of the Revolution, he drew about him a crowd of disciples and admirers who gave him multitudes of orders, not all of which were, however, paid for; and here we notice the variety of his talents. Quoting again his distinguished biographer— "The playful and exuberant invention of Erard at the age of twenty-five knew no bounds. He revelled in every kind and quality of mechanism. Ingenious toys, new instruments—each capable of being a new type, but playfully thrown off and forgotton—set up in Paris as a "nine days' wonder "of skill and rapidity, and superseded by something quite different and still more extraordinary. Now it was an organ and harpsichord; now it was a double-harpsichord; now a transposing



THALBERG PLAYING THE ERARD GRAND PIANO AT THE "GREAT EXHIBITION" OF 1851.



PHOTO, OF PIANOFORTE MADE BY MESSES. ERARD FOR THE QUEEN FOR WINDSOR CASTLE, 1892.

harpsichord; now a new organ mechanism with an expressive touch; now some wild bit of automatic machinery. Everyone with a difficulty came to him, and every difficulty seemed to melt away before the magic of his brain and fingers."

It was in 1768 that Sebastian Erard, a mere boy of sixteen, came to Paris, literally to make his fortune. His father had just died, and Sebastian Erard, to whom

his family now looked as their sole hope for support—albeit with no capital save his wonderful brains entered the employment of a harpsichord maker in Paris. The harpsichord was at this period, as it had been for many years previously, the instrument most in vogue throughout Europe. In our days one only meets with the harpsichord in collections of ancient and curious instruments. and no one had more to do with improving it off the face of the earth than Sebastian Erard himself. shape it somewhat resembled the modern horizontal grand pianoforte; but the strings, instead of being struck by hammers, as in the pianoforte, were plucked by quills, producing an effect that has been aptly described as "a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

Sebastian Erard's marvellous ability and zest for investigation were, however, too much for his first employer, who soon dismissed him as dangerous and speculative young PHOTO. OF PIAMOFORTE MADE BY MESSRS. ERARD FOR MAPOLEON I., 1801.

man, who wanted to know everything." His second master, however, was quick to recognise the talents of the young man, and the advantages accruing to the possession of so able an assistant. instrument was produced by Sebastian Erard for his employer that so completely eclipsed anything of the kind ever previously seen, that all Paris was soon talking of it, and his master was fain to acknowledge that it was the work of young This instrument was, in truth, Sebastian Erard's first pianoforte; and it was at once his stepping-stone to favour and fortune and the death-knell of the harpsichord.

Some years prior to this date, an instrument, which was little better than a toy, had first seen the light. It was variously

known as a "piano" and a "forte-piano," and was supposed to have been the invention of one Bartolomeo Cristofali, an Italian, The substantial difference between the early pianos and the harpsichord was that whereas in the harpsichord the strings were plucked by quilts as described above, in the piano they were struck by hammers. The pianos, however, that had been produced up to the date (1777)



when Sebastian Erard produced the instrument which created such a furors throughout Europe were intolerably bad, clumsy, wooden, awkward things, with an insufferably heavy touch, fit only—as one writer has described them—for playing such slow pieces as the "Dead March in Saul." On the other hand, some of the grand harpsichords had a peculiar richness and variety of tone from the various layers of strings, that could be laid on and shut off by stops like those of an organ. The harpsichord, however, in

spite of the capabilities it possessed for the execution of brilliant music, and even of producing, when used to the full extent of its powers, what some have described as "a grand roar," had one serious shortcoming in that it lacked the power of expression.

Here was the opportunity for the genius of Sebastian Erard, and to such good effect did he use

it that eight years later, with his brother, Jean Baptiste Erard, in the manufacture of pianos at their own factory in the Rue de Bourbon, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris,

such success attended their work that the jealousy of the makers of harpsichords was excited against them. It would, indeed, have gone hard with the brothers but for the intervention of a good and wealthy patron of Sebastian Erard—the Duchess of Villeroi. This lady interceded at court for the enterprising brothers, with the result that King Louis

XVI. issued, in 1785, a special "brevet," doing homage to the inventor, and protecting him from all further molestation.

LISST.

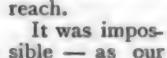
Erard's pianos now were in the greatest demand all over France, and their fame spread even into Germany, as we read that in 1799 a wealthy Hamburg merchant had collected no less than two hundred specimens of them! Sebastian Erard's motto might well have been the "veni, vidi, vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered) of Julius Cæsar. Of the beautiful pianoforte action, wherein his marvellous genius excelled itself, and left nothing open to his successors to improve upon, we shall have something more to say

presently.

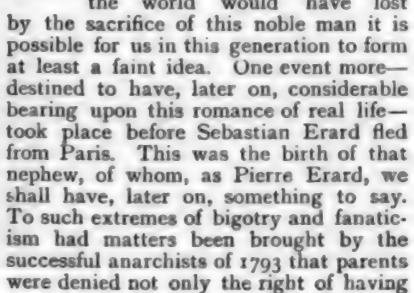
We have arrived at the point at which our story opened, Sebastian Erard, solely through the force of his own wonderful talents and sheer industry, had achieved a great name and a great fortune, when there fell in Paris and throughout France that "bolt from the blue," the French Revolution, which threatened to overwhelm him, in common with everybody

and everything that was great, noble or good, in destruction. In Sebastian Erard's case, as in that of a few others, however, it proved to be only that "ordeal by fire" whence he emerged, phœnix-like, stronger and with greater capabilities and possibilities than ever. Like Alexander the Great, he may have often sighed for a new world to conquer: the "confusion of

tongues" of that modern Tower of Babel-known in history as "The French Revolution" placed that new world within his



readers must have foreseen for themselves when they read the episode with which this article opened—that Sebastian Erard could have remained long unmolested in that vortex of unrestrained human passions, after giving such marked indication as to the side on which his sympathies were enlisted. the world would have lost





MDME. MELBA.



MEMDEL SECRE.



RUBINETEIN.



MDME, SCHUMARY.

their children baptized, but even of giving them "Christian" names! Biblical names were sternly prohibited in favour of those from the Greek and heathen mytholo-The name. gies. therefore, selected for this young scion of the house of Erard, born amid all this turmoil, was Orpheus. That the name was, at least, not an inappropriate one, readers of this history must admit.

One hundred and two years ago a French gentleman in the prime of life, and whose identity readers of this history will have no difficulty in recog-

nising, set foot for the first time in this huge Metropolis of ours—then, as now, "the empire city of the world." The features of our wonderful city, however, differed then materially from those to which our eyes are accustomed. Apart from the changes that have followed the introduction of the iron horse and the consequent disappear-

ance from the streets of the picturesquestage coaches and such like means of locomotion, a great area known to the present generation and its immediate predecessors as being covered with piles of bricks and mortar was in 1792 meadow land. cornfields or market gardens. Especially so was this the case in the West End.



I. J. PADEREWSEI.

Street, Portland Place and many another well-known quarter had then no existence. Where now stands Regent Street was then a congeries of narrow, noisome streets, the abode of thieves and of the worst characters of London, including highwaymen and footpads who infested the Oxford road: while the site of Portland Place was until an even later period covered with cornfields. In immediate neighbourhood of both these modern landmarks there were, however, oases in the wilderness of slums streets occupied by

the wealthy frequenters of the Metropolis, and town residences of the aristocracy. It is not a little remarkable that the improvements which swept away the miserable hovels resulted also in the disappearance of most of the ancient aristocratic West End mansions. Close to what we now know as Oxford Circus





A BOUDOIR GRAND PIANOFORTE, BY MESSRS. ERARD, IN THE LOUIS XV. STYLE.

were, one hundred years ago, the abodes of the Duke of Argyll and of the Earl of Aberdeen, each surrounded by extensive grounds and fruit gardens! Little remains in our day to remind us of these facts beyond the names borne by the streets and mews that occupy some portion of the sites of these old-time residences, as, for instance, Argyll Place, Argyll Street and Aberdeen Mews. Yet it was in the midst of these surroundings, and in the days when those mansions still graced the soil that Sebastian Erard made his London headquarters, and in doing so apparently adopted the motto " ]'y suis, j'y reste," for here to-day, despite all the changes that have gone on around, the classic firm of Erard still has its home in London.

Number 18, Great Marlborough Street, which had been known before Sebastian Erard's tenancy as the abode of the celebrated miser, John Elwes, is to-day the Mecca of every true lover of music. Its boards have been trodden by the feet of all the famous musicians of the past century who have left their imprint upon the sands of time. Mendelssohn, Liszt,

Wagner, Moscheles, Schumann, Gounod, Schubert, Rossini, Lubeck, Jaell, Thalberg and, among still living celebrities, Rubinstein and Paderewski and a score of other notabilities of the musical world, not to mention distinguished men and women in other branches of our complex civilisation, have here walked, talked and foregathered. Such associations alone would render this ancient establishment sacred ground, apart from the fact that under its roof our hero brought to a successful issue the labours of a lifetime, and completed those masterpieces of his genius, the repetition action for his grand pianos, and his double action for the harp, which were destined to achieve a revolution in musical effects.

Noteworthy is it, too, that so great was the merit of this grand action recognised to be, that the Privy Council subsequently was induced to grant an extension of the patent—a most exceptional course indeed for them to adopt; and, in the case of pianos, absolutely the only one on record! Important evidence this, all will admit, of the exceptional qualifications of this great invention; and we are not surprised to

learn "that all pianoforte makers of the present day have adopted acwhich are tions practically copies of Erard's." If "imitation be the sincerest flattery," as we are told, then the Erards are flattered indeed! The firm, inspired by the noble example of its founder, however, is not one to rest content with its Although laurels. it is not an exaggeration to say that the Erard action is as near absolute perfection as it is possible for human hands to make it. large sums are annually expended by the firm in experimenting as to how

their beautiful instruments may be improved in other respects. Space, however, will not admit of our entering too

minutely into details.

We must, however, before closing, relate a few more interesting particulars concerning our hero, Sebastian Erard, and his immediate successors, and with an account of some of the chefs-d'œuvre of this distinguished firm, bring our lengthy article to an end. Soon after achieving the crowning exploit of his life—the completion of his grand repetition action—his health, which had long been failing, broke down. Although, in 1824, he underwent a most painful operation, he immediately plunged again into work. He may be said to have "died in harness;" for whilst perfecting a magnificent organ for the Tuileries, he was struck down again by his old enemy, and, despite the fact of his being tended with the utmost care by Dr. Fouquier, he died at the Château la Muette, after a lingering illness of twenty months, on 5th August, 1831. Here, also, passed away his gifted nephew, Pierre Erard, on 15th August, 1855 (of whose funeral in Paris, during the visit there of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, Charles Dickens shortly



WAGNER.

afterwards gave such a graphic description in Household Words), and Madame Erard, the widow of Pierre Erard, on 13th October, 1889.

Of Madame Erard, who was as generous as she was wealthy, many are the records of the delicately kind acts by which she endeared herself to those who were endowed with greater ability than they were with this world's goods. One alone must here suffice. Hearing of a proposal among the pupils of one, who had laboured long as a distinguished teacher of singing, to present

the latter with a birthday present, Madame Erard promptly called and announced her intention of taking singing lessons.

"Nonsense, madame," exclaimed the astonished professor; "you have no voice!" "Never mind," replied Madame Erard, "I wish you to test it." Willing to humour what she regarded, however, as a singular whim, the singing mistress proceeded in the usual form to take Madame Erard through the scale. "That will do for today," at length interposed Madame Erard, "and now I am entitled to subscribe, as one of your pupils, to your birthday present;" and forthwith she put into the lady's hands an envelope containing a cheque for one hundred pounds!

Of the wonderful instruments turned out by this renowned firm, space will only admit of our giving our readers particulars of a few of more than ordinary public interest. As loyal Britons, we will commence our selection by a description of one or two among the many possessed by our beloved Queen of the pianofortes made by Messrs. S. and P. Erard.

Privileged visitors to Buckingham Palace will recall, among the infinity of priceless things which find a home therein, a magnificent grand pianoforte standing in the White Drawing-room. This instrument is one of Messrs Erard's manufacture and was exceedingly costly. The Vernis Martin decorations on the case, which are of the most exquisite description, have been twice transferred; that is to say, they were originally upon a harpsichord belonging to Anne of Austria, from which they were removed to a grand pianoforte of Messrs. S. and P. Erard's early manufacture, and thence subsequently to the case of the grand now standing in the White Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. It is needless to say

that the operation of transferring the decorations just mentioned is an exceedingly delicate one indeed, and could only be accomplished by the most expert and skilled workmenindeed, the operation is a work of art in itself, and as such was recognised by Her Most Gracious Majesty herself, who summoned the heads of Messrs. Erard's house to Buckingham Palace and, in the presence of the late lamented Prince Consort, personally expressed her great appreciation of the skill displayed in carrying out the work.

In 1885 Her Majesty was graciously pleased to allow this magnificent instrument to be ex-

hibited in the Historical Collection of Musical Instruments at the Albert Hall during the Inventions Exhibition of that

year.

At Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, is another of the masterpieces of this firm deemed fit "to set before the Queen." This is also a grand pianoforte, the case of which is made entirely of ivory from the single tusk of an elephant! The top of the instrument is all in one piece, and the whole without flaw or blemish. The skill involved in performing this mechan-

ical feat we leave to the imagination of our readers.

Passing on to another Royal pianoforte, not, however, belonging to our Queen, but made for His Majesty the Emperor of Morocco, we find more food for wonder and admiration at the ready way in which emergencies are met and seemingly insuperable difficulties overcome by this firm of mechanical geniuses. Morocco being still a semi-barbarous state, and its desert plains uncrossed by the iron steed, such luxuries as a grand pianoforte can be indulged in only by its monarch; and

to reach him, even, it was necessary to construct the instrument in such a way that it could be conveyed to its destination on the backs of camels or slaves. This problem was solved, as we have mentioned above, by Messrs. Erard, who made the grand pianoforte in parts, which we can picture crossing the desert on the shoulders of Moors, urged into activity by the persuasive powers of the whip.

MISS MACINTYRE.

Returning from Morocco to London, we enter the home whence issued the above and many similar marvels of art—18, Great Marlborough

Street. Under its roof, whither we have already carried our readers in imagination, we find a perfect museum of musical gems. Here is one fit to grace the palace of a Pharaoh: a grand pianoforte that appeals to the eye, ear and nose! Yea, verily one that can be smelt! Made of orris wood, inlaid with marquetry of the most exquisite character and with the figures of six shepherd kings and of the sacred ibis keeping guard at each corner, while the pedal lyre, of true Egyptian shape, is graced by the apis, or sacred calf, the whole seems to carry us back in imagination to the days of Miriam's "loud timbrel."

Turning round, we behold another giant, one associated inseparably in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to be present at St. James's Hall, London, when that living giant of art, Paderewski, achieved one of his greatest successes upon it. This beautiful instrument rejoices in a case most wonderfully inlaid with several choice woods, of which unpolished jacaranda parquetry and purple wood are very much in evidence. The beautiful ormolu decoration upon this instrument is a marvel to connoisseurs, and completes a magnificent tout ensemble.

Perhaps the pianoforte in this veritable embarras de richesses which would secure the greatest number of suffrages is an elegantly finished boudoir grand in the Louis XV. style, with rich ormolu carvings, mould-

ings and mountings.

The Vernis Martin decorations on this pianoforte are of singular beauty and rich-On the top is a copy of the wellknown Watteau in the Dresden gallery, while around the sides of the instrument are exquisitely-painted cupids, etc. raising the top of the pianoforte, our eyes alight first on daintily-painted trophies of musical instruments, mingled with flowers and foliage, only to be afterwards entranced by a copy of a famous Claude, depicting a charming landscape, and disclosing in the distance the ruins of an old monastery, capping the frowning and precipitate cliffs rising from the midst of an azure lake at our feet.

In the same room, too, is a beautiful clavecin, with its two rows of keys, its quaint tone—so unlike anything else of the present day—its curious coupling arrangements, etc. The instrument, which is quite new, is a perfect copy of one formerly possessed by the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, the wife of the equally unfortunate Louis XVI., whom we mentioned at the opening of this article.

Leaving behind us a grand pianoforte, upon which Rubinstein made his début at the Philharmonic concerts in London in 1857, and which has framed above it the impartial, if superfluous, guarantee of a rival manufacturer as to its still being "a sound and well-made instrument," and an upright pianoforte, made for the Paris

Exhibition of 1855—equally maintaining the reputation of the durability of Erard's instruments, and their claim to stand the test of time which so few of their contemporaries can boast—we come suddenly upon the most remarkable pianoforte in the world. This instrument is none other than the actual grand pianoforte possessed by Napoleon I. in the zenith of his glory! That the kind of music favoured by Cæsar was of an essentially military character is, perhaps, what we should all have expected, but that his tastes in this direction should have gone to the extent of having a drum and triangle attachment put to a grand planoforte very few, probably, would have imagined. Such, however, was the fact, as may be seen any day by such of my readers who care to interview this interesting and most valuable old relie, with its mother-of pearl and tortoiseshell keys and its five pedals (one of which works the drum and triangle attachment just mentioned).

We hasten to draw our "True Tale of Two Cities" to a close. We selected at the commencement a period when the prospects of Sebastian Erard in Paris appeared not to be over roseate. The second period to which we introduced our readers, viz:—that of Sebastian Erard's arrival in London, has just been celebrated in right noble fashion by the granting by the firm of "Erard Centenary Scholarships" to the three principal schools of music in this country, viz:—The Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music and

" Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

the Guildhall School of Music.

Creep in our ears;

The poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

My thanks are due to Mr. A. F. Schartan, an old and valued servant of the firm of S. and P. Erard, for much of the information embodied in this "True Tale of Two Cities," and with this I bid you adieu.

WALLACE L. CROWDY.



HIDDEN SKETCHES,-FIND THREE OTHER PEOPLE.



OU have confessed you don't love him?" I said.

"Yes." she answered, slowly repeating the words like a lesson, "I have

confessed I don't love him."

She was of indefinable sweetness, with her tawny brown hair and warm-tinted skin; she was lovable and fanciful, and her moods were changeable as the weather, and as sweet and welcome, in their turn, to me as the sun and rain is to Mother Earth.

"You should not have married him," I said angrily. "It is all your fault; you knew very well how it would

"I did not come to you for advice on domestic matters," she said, breaking in on my speech quickly, her cheeks pink, as if fearful I should say something I should be sorry for afterwards. "They are bitter enough without being talked over. I came to ask you to join our tennis party to-morrow: it is the last of the season, and you had better come." She sighed in a pitiful little way, and fidgeted nervously with the pretty sunshade she carried, as if my speech had brought back tenfold to her memory her wasted existence with a man whom she had no affection for whatever.

Ah! you scheming match-makers, you VOL. VII.-MAY, 1894.

"Nell."

A Leaf from a Bachelor's Life.

By T. W. HUGHES.

little think of the misery your so-called harmless devices cause. This girl—whom I loved with all the love I was capable of —had been married to one of my oldest friends because her aunt considered it a "good match." He was certainly richmy old chum, Arthur-but no more fit to be trusted with the little vision of beauty before me than a delicate piece of porcelain china is to be trusted in the hands of a clumsy servant girl. Fool that I was, I was always wishing to be near her—to see her; and yet invariably when she did visit me in my bachelor rooms, I was cross and gruff as a bear. I think it was the thought that she could never be mine, and that, however much I loved her, there was that interminable barrier between us, that seemed to grow thicker and stronger each time we met—the thought that she was another man's wife, and that I loved her passionately—madly.

Whether Arthur cared for her or not I was never able to ascertain. I think he was fond of her in a way. When I remonstrated with him once, as delicately as I possibly could, about her going very much about by herself, he laughed heartily in his easy style, and said, "Why, Dick, you are the only fellow she visits alone, and surely you are straight enough. Why, man alive, you are our best and oldest friend—one of us, in fact." Yes; even I thought then that I was straight enough; and yet ---. But then, as Nell said, every man is liable to be tempted, even though he may consider himself invulner-I did not say much more to Arthur about her; but I knew very well that all men were not to be trusted and believed in as Arthur believed in me, so I took good care that Nellie did not visit any but me unaccompanied. Blind fool that I was to impose such implicit faith in myself—I, who was not even better than the

common run. Better, indeed! I was

worse—far worse.

"I can't bear tennis," I said sharply, "and you know it. It is just an idiotic fashion of keeping a ball going, like battle-dore and shuttlecock, only not half so amusing. It is a game for babies, not grown-up people."

Just a wee ghost of a smile played

round her lips at my retort.

"Oh, very well," she answered. "I will tell Arthur you do not care to come. He will be disappointed, as he particularly wished me to ask you. He was once your

best friend; but perhaps that doesn't count."

"He was my best friend," I blurted out hotly, "until he stole the only woman I ever loved from me. He was my best friend until he treated that woman as he might his serving-maid. God help me, Nell, I love you, and cannot bear to see you unhappy and ill-treated."

I had taken her small hands in mine, and in another moment would have had her in my arms, had not she wrenched herself free from my clasp, her eyes flashing.

"Dick," she said, the colour coming and going in her pretty face. "You must never, never say or do that again—never. You forgot

yourself."

Yes, I had forgotten myself—it was quite true—I had forgotten everything but

that I loved her. I turned my face angrily away from her, tugging at my moustache viciously, as was my habit when I was vexed. Why need she be so distant, so cold; surely there was no harm in loving her and telling her so.

The handle turning in the door made me start round suddenly. She evidently intended to depart, and I felt that, in my hasty way, I had sent her from me.

"You are not going?" I asked quickly. "Yes," she answered, with a little catch in her voice, and pretending to be deeply engaged in buttoning her already buttoned gloves. "I have told you what I came for; there is nothing else I wish to say,

except that it is better now for you to refuse Arthur's invitation. You had better not come."

"I did not mean to come," I said

shortly.

There was a pause. The ferrule of her dainty sunshade was tracing indescribable patterns on my Brussels carpet, and I knew there was something else she wished to say.

"Well?" I asked.

"I want to contradict something you said to me," she said gently, her colour deepening, and her parasol still busy



SHE SIGHED, AND FIDGETED WITH HER SUNSHADE.

tracing fantastic patterns. It was maddening to see her standing there in all her fresh young beauty, and to know that I must keep my hands off her—then and for ever.

"You said that Arthur ill-treated me," she went on, raising her dark eyes and fixing them on me intently. "It was a lie. He has never ill-treated me in my life. I don't think there is much affection between us, certainly, but he has always been kind to me—far kinder than I deserved."

"Wait a moment," I said roughly, for her even faint praise of one who had stolen all the sweetness out of my life made me mad with jealousy and revenge. "Did he not send you here alone to me this afternoon? Does he not often send you alone to places? What do you think he does with all his spare time? Do you imagine—you poor baby—that you are the only woman he cares for?"

I had spoken so quickly and hastily, as was my wont when I felt put out, that I hardly realised what I had said until I

saw her face.

She had gone as white as the doorhandle she still held, and I knew her eyes were full of smarting tears, which blurred her vision, and yet which, womanlike, she tried to hide.

"Forgive me, Nell," I said, coming towards her. "I did not mean what I said. I am too hasty and you are too sensitive. Forgive me, and don't think anything

more about it."

But she was already crying, softly and brokenly, one gloved hand trying to hide the tears from my hardened gaze. Much as I had seen of her, I had never yet beheld her in tears, and the scene was as novel as it was dangerous. I longed to take her in my arms, to hide that tear-stained little face on my shoulder, to kiss away her troubles and her heart-aches, and—I did. What matter though she be-



I MAD TAKEN HER SMALL HANDS.



"IT IS SO SILLY OF ME TO CRY."

longed to someone else; for the present she was mine—mine alone.

"It-is-so-silly of me to cry," she said, still sobbing on my shoulder, "but I am such a baby. I knew there was someone else beside myself; I have felt it for a long time, and Arthur gets colder every day. Just now the horrid reality came so swittly to me, and I was feeling so—so miserable. You—you are my only friend."

So she cried, sobbing out all her grief and bitterness to me, as I held her close, with a dull pain at my heart.

Within me the demon of temptation was growing stronger every moment. God knows I battled with it, and tried to force it down, but it burnt in my brain, scattering all good resolutions to the winds. And, too, as I turned my face away from the sobbing head on my shoulder, I seemed to see the life that she still might lead—happy and prosperous—by my side. As yet her best days had been wasted, but they should be redeemed; there was still time.

What matter though in man's sight we should be condemned? in God's sight I should be taking her away from a loveless life to one of infinite happiness and pleasure. So I

reasoned within myself, at one time right getting the mastery as I thought of my old school chum, Arthur, and our happy days at Oxford, and another time wrong completely strangling all other thoughts when I looked down on tearstained cheeks and thought of her unhappiness. Never, for one moment, did it enter into my head that Nell, pure and sweet as she was, would refuse to enter into my plan.

Suddenly, my soul seemed to sink lower—lower—until I hardly knew what I was thinking or saying, and the tempter's voice hissed within me like so many serpents.

"Nell," I said, " you are not going back

to Arthur again; we will commence a fresh life together—you and I. There will not be a cloud on our horizon of happiness. Nell—Nell, answer me; you and I—together."

In my excitement I held her to me so tightly that she could scarcely speak; only her large tearful eyes looked up at me with mute reproach and agony in them. Why did I not read her answer there and then as it was plainly written in their clear depths? Why did I not see it written in every line of her pure

face. Why? Because I was mad, or

something very near it.

I felt the hot blood rushing to my forehead, and a tumultuous and whirling conflict was seething inside me, as if ten thousand furies had been let loose, and

taken refuge in my heart.

"Dearest," I cried, "we will go away together now. You will not be missed, and I shall be with you to take care of you and love you as no man ever loved woman before. You must save your life while there is yet time. You shall forget the past and live only for the future. Nell—my Nell, you will say you will. Nell—Nell! You shall not go!"

For she had risen—her cheeks scarlet, her whole form trembling—from my iron clasp. I saw, directly I looked at her, her answer—saw it in every line of disgust in her sweet face, saw it in the very loathing of her clear, trustful eyes.

For the first time all the shame of my suggestion rushed back upon me and seared my brain and heart like a red-hot iron. I went down on my knees, covering my face with my hands in abject misery, waiting for the storm of anger and resentment I expected and deserved from her pure lips. But it came not.

Sweet, gentle and noble as was her character, my shame and penitence

brought forward every good point in it. I often think what an effort it must have cost her to swallow and choke down all her bitter anger, and stroke my sleeve as she did with her soft hand, while in a tremulous voice she tried to comfort me.

"you—you did not mean it. Everybody has some hideous temptation in their lives that makes them forget what they say and what they mean. But yours has passed, Dick—it has passed. Look up and say so. Oh,



I WENT DOWN ON MY KNEES.

my God," piteously, "pray that he may say so."

But I could not look up—shame and humiliation were written in burning letters on my face and brain. I had insulted her deeply—cruelly, and yet she was willing to forgive me—to make believe that it was just a moment's madness. I had much rather she had taunted and abused me, as most women would have done in her place, and which I should most assuredly have deserved. This sweet reserve and forgiveness of hers only served to show up my own blackened morals to their own disadvantage.

"Nell," I cried, "don't come near me.

I am not worthy to breathe the same pure air as you do. Go, please, and leave me to my own bitter reflections. It is no use my apologising to you—my conduct has been too black for apology. Go, Nell, and leave me. Slam the door when you leave the house, so that I may know when you are gone. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Dick," she said, but it was, oh, such a broken little voice. "Good-bye," and then she stooped and brushed my burning forehead with her lips, and I heard the soft trail of her dress across the floor. But she stopped suddenly on the threshold of my room as if loath to leave

me, lonely and broken as I was.

"It may be the last time I shall see you for ages," she said, and I felt that she was standing in the same position as she had been a little while before, holding the door handle with one hand and her parasol in the other; but, despite the wealth of tenderness in her tone, I did not even look up. "You will not come to-morrow to the tennis—you must not come."

"I shall be off long before that," I said.
"I shall go away to-morrow and shall try
never to see you again. Good-bye."

A long-drawn sigh in answer, the faint rustling of her soft skirts, and then the door slammed and I knew that she was gone—for ever.

\* \* \*

How long I sat in the same position, my head in my hands, I do not know.

She visited me in the early noon, but it was not until the grey light of a September evening floated into my rooms, that I moved from my crouching and penitent position. And all that time but one maddening thought was in my aching heart—the thought that she was gone for ever from my life—my Nell—that I might never see or speak to her again.

\* \* \*

That was two years ago. To-day, hardened and crusty bachelor as I am supposed to be, I am weeping bitter tears over a wreath of white violets—her favourite flowers—which I mean to place presently on her freshly-laid grave. And with these simple flowers will go all my love and life, my happiness and future, to her side. Oh, Nell I my heart is dead. Would to God I had been buried with you.



A WREATH OF WHITE VIOLETS.

# Young England at School.

UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

AST month I confined my remarks almost entirely to the foundation and the growth of Uppingham. This month I will therefore endeavour, as much as possible, to keep to the recreation branch or the physical training at this school.

A glance at the long list of names, upon the walls of the Sixth Form room, of boys

who have distinguished themselves in mathematics and classics at Cambridge, and of others equally fortunate at Oxford, at once suggests to a visitor like myself that Uppingham possesses a valuable complement of masters able and anxious to train every brain and, as Lord Norton said at the Tercentenary, "make the very best of the material." It is therefore unnecessary to dwell upon the work in the form-rooms beyond saying that at Uppingham a boy is trained to fill the station in life best suited for him, and that the greatest care is exercised to ascertain the predominating talent in each boy.

This, I feel bound to acknowledge, can only be done successfully at schools similar to Uppingham, where the numbers in classes and in houses are limited, the masters being more intimate with each individual boy, his likes and dislikes.

I had this more fully

illustrated when chatting to a few of the assistant masters at a school a short time ago. One of the mathematical masters was most worried over a certain boy with whom he had taken great pains that day in defining the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid. "He is a regular duffer," said the master, "and I am afraid he is beyond my making anything

of." The science master looked up with much astonishment, and, before anything further could be said against the lad who found it difficult to cross the "bridge of asses," which, I remember well, was the name given to this proposition in my earlier days, he said "Why, S— is the very best boy I have got, and I only wish I had a few more like him. At the lathe or the bench it is impossible for any of the others to keep pace with him—very different to So-and-so, who is exceptionally slow." But poor So-and-so was as quick as thought championed by the Art master, who said he was a boy who would distinguish himself in Art if he failed in all other subjects, and that he quite looked forward to him fulfilling his expectations.

We are not all of the same inclinations, and when at school it is important that the bent of each boy, if deemed advisable by the tutors,



MEMORIAL STATUE OF EDWARD THRING IN THE CHAPEL.

one of the finest attached to a public school. With such an able and excellent musical director as Mr. David, it is not surprising to find the School performing works by the most difficult masters. Some of our leading singers and instrumentalists take part, such as Dr. loachim and Herr Josef Ludwig, and, with several other prominent mu-

sicians, the music



THE EXTERIOR OF OLD SCHOOL HOUSE, NOW THE LIBRARY.

should be fully developed, but to find this out can only be done, as at Uppingham, by the assistant masters being in constant touch with the movements and

work of each pupil.

I mentioned last month that a little study was apportioned to every boy. In this is frequently seen the mannerisms of the youth. Some look upon it with the greatest pride; and the delight of his leisure hours is to decorate his little study from floor to ceiling with all the curiosities he can lay his hands upon.

The most valuable treasure of the boyish collection is invariably a few photographs of his friends and relations, and those of his father, mother and sisters are

given the positions of honour. The study, which forms one of our illustrations, certainly reflects credit upon Master Anderson, its occupant, and it is a pity I cannot give my readers a more general idea of this little "curiosity shop."

Uppingham can well boast of its musical society, for it is certainly at the School is exceedingly fine and classical.

The concerts held from time to time during the terms in the great hall are probably one of the most popular institutions at the School.

In chapel the musical portion of the service is of the highest order, and would almost rank equal with the inspiring music at some of our cathedrals. The School orchestra is also a very prominent feature, and amongst its members are several brilliant performers upon stringed instruments.

At Uppingham a boy's life is not made up of "all work," for the School games are looked upon as equally important a



THE LIBRARY.

work in the form-room. All masters now pay the greatest attention to the physical training of their boys, and at Uppingham, as soon as Mr. Thring began his reign, it was certain this department would not suffer; for he himself, when at Eton, was an excellent and ardent athlete.

"Boys will be boys" is an old but very true saying, and when at school it cannot but be expected that all kind of jokes will be practised. One moment's reflection to

part in the training of a youth as the for a prize awarded at the Farmers' Show, and are never slow to appreciate this great concession on the part of their rural neighbours.

> Uppingham, like Harrow, is perhaps unfortunate in having no river, which accounts for us seldom hearing of the School providing the Universities with oarsmen, but in almost every other branch of sport Uppingham's name rings In aquatics, good exponents with fame. of the various arts have been turned out



THE LIBRARY, SHOWING MR. THRING'S STUDY.

our own school days will reveal sweet memories of many a practical joke, and he who played none should be placed under a glass case. At some schools I do not hesitate to say that the boys become rather a trouble to the townspeople, but at Uppingham, though there is no lack of life and animation in every boy, their gentlemanly behaviour has earned them the respect of the whole town. farmers and landowners have no need to place high fences or notices to trespassers, but rather grant full permission to the boys to roam wherever they wish, and in return for this kindness the boys subscribe

from the excellent swimming bath attached to the School, which, I should mention, has been greatly improved by Mr. Selwyn, the present Headmaster Gymnastics are also a favourite recreation. The gymnasium is an old adjunct to the School, and I am told it was the first institution of its kind attached to a public school, dating as far back as 1859. G. H. C. Beisiegel, the gymnastic instructor, is the oldest master now on the staff at Uppingham, his instructorship commencing, I believe, with the opening of the gymnasium. Mr. Beisiegel is a popular official at the School, and his

Gymnasium, of which we give an illustration, is adorned with a host of names of gymnasts who have taken honours at the School. Although of foreign extraction, Mr. Beisiegel is equally popular in the town. Next to the gymnastic instructor in point of length of service comes a name that is better known to the outside world than any other connected with Uppingham.

Some, nay I might say many, may have forgotten the great cricketer, who years ago was such a familiar figure in the

Surrey County Cricket team, but those who remember him would now hardly recognise him as the same old H. H. Stevenson, now the cricket and football coach to Uppingham School, and whose name some thirty years ago was on the lips of all lovers of our national pastime.

But it is nevertheless true that the old Surrey cricketer, the same Stevenson who was so fond of following the hounds in the neighbourhood of Esher, and the man who captained the first English team that ever visited Australia, has for upwards of twenty years taken up his home at Uppingham, and if dead to the cricketing world, as far as his individual efforts are concerned, he has, without doubt, more than made up for his loss by sending from Uppingham some of the grandest voung players that have ever handled the willow.

At football, also, his energies have been rewarded, for he has been able to provide both 'Varsities with some sterling and brilliant players of the Rugby game.

Many of our London clubs, such as Black-

heath, Rosslyn Park, etc., have been greatly strengthened by availing themselves of Uppingham boys who come to the Metropolis.

The list of prominent players in the Rugby football world who owe their knowledge of the game to Uppingham School is a very long one, but a few names, fresh upon my memory at the moment, will suffice to estimate the high position they have gained: G. Mac-Gregor, one of the finest three-quarter backs in England, Christophersons, Sid-



THE OLD AND NEW.

ney and K., E. Figgis, Captain of the Rosslyn Park F.C., A. Rotheram, etc.

At cricket few schools have done better or sent out a longer list of first-class players during the: past few years than Up-Marlpingham. borough need, indeed, be proud of such a player as Mr. A. G. Steel, and equally so is Uppingham of his brother D.Q. The number of brilliant players who have received their "blue," or other

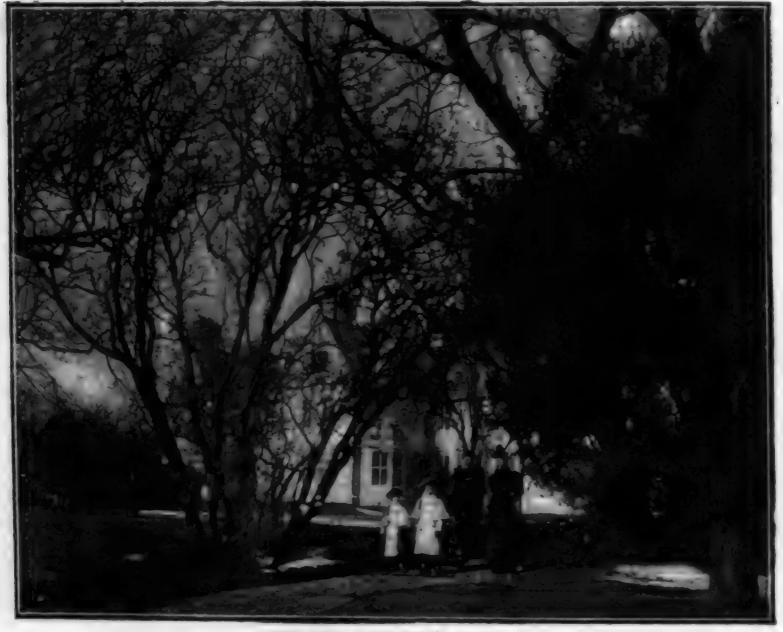
recognition at the 'Varsities is too long by far for me to attempt to give, but I believe I am correct in stating that at one inter-'Varsity match there were no



MR. CONSTABLE'S HOUSE.

less than five Old Boys from Uppingham playing for the light blues.

Mr. Macgregor, whom we might call England's champion "Stumper," is still



VIEW FROM HEADMASTER'S GARDEN.

.We

the progress of

the game, and

at Lord's I am

pleased to see

each year it ap-

parently gains

have Eton and

Harrow, Marl-

borough and

Rugby, Chelten-

ham and Hailey-

bury, and I hope

before long to

find Uppingham

have their an-

nual match before the great

the cricketing

I have noticed

authorities

world.

lavour.

fond of his old school, and would doubtless often pay it a visit if Middlesex and the representative contests did not almost whelly occupy his time; as would also W.H. Patterson, captain of Kent County, A. P. Lucas, L. Martineau or C. E. Green of Essex fame.

There are spacious playing-fields at Uppingham, the upper cricketground, at the lower end of the town, being particularly well situated, and commands an excellent view of the surrounding country.

House and House matches for the supremacy or "Cock House," form a series of interesting struggles throughout the summer term, and likewise at football throughout the winter months. Haileybury and Repton are the schools who have cricket fixtures with the Up-

pingham eleven, and invariably throughout the season the Old Boys take down a scratch team to try conclusions with the School, and visits are also made by a few of the Cambridge Colleges and the celebrated Rovers' Club.

Public School cricket now commands a deal of interest from those who follow



THE LOWER SCHOOL,

with great interest that Mr. H. H. Stevenson, before each season commences, writes a very able and valuable letter to the School Magazine, a bright Of course, as at other schools, the little work which records the doings of

the school almost on the same lines as similar publications at other schools, and quite up to the standard of excellence with the best of them.

For a number of years that past-master in the game of cricket has been imparting to Uppingham boys not only his valuable



THE GYMNASIUM.



ONE OF THE BOYS' STUDIES.

experience on the field and at the nets, but the Magazins each year publishes an article by him, which gives the most valuable hints to the aspiring young cricketer; and I noticed the editors, very wisely, every now and then have devoted space to re-issue all back letters, so that the new boys could take advantage of the information that had been given in pre-vious years.

This method of writing to the cricketers through the School Magazine is undoubtedly an excellent idea, and I have no doubt others than those at Uppingham have profited by the sound advice given by the famous Uppingham coach.

If I had only space, I would like to give several of these hints in this article, for I feel certain many of my readers, especially those who play the game and are not fortunate enough to have a professional in their ranks, would soon see why it is they become such miserable failures in a match, when at practice they cannot do wrong.

To give, however, a slight idea of the way Stevenson writes to his boys, I will quote a part of a letter written in 1881, which comments upon a rule that should be observed by aspiring batsmen, as follows: "If batting is to be learned properly it must be practised properly, and there should be just as much care taken in the practising at a net as in playing in a match. In practising at a net young players are very apt to stand too far out of their ground; by so doing they often get a ball on the 'half volley' that would be a good ball if they were standing in their proper place. Also they miss many more balls than they would otherwise and, of course, give many more chances, and when they come to play in a match and are obliged to keep the foot behind the crease they find it quite a different

game; and so they fall between two stools, their own method and the right method. Care must be taken in practice; if not, you not only ruin your own batting, but are apt to do harm to the bowler who is bowling to you at such times."

This is just a sample, but I could give many such useful wrinkles from these letters on all and every point of the game, and I really think that the old Surrey cricketer deserves the greatest praise for his painstaking work.

Fives also receives a good share of attention at Uppingham, and to show the provision made to cope with the demand, we gave last month an illustration of one of the courts which forms one of twenty-two.

I have left the Rifle Corps almost for

my closing remarks, but in doing so it by no means implies that it is last in significance. On the contrary, the Cadet Corps at Uppingham, although not an old organisation, is a most important and efficient branch of the recreation at the great Uppingham School. It is attached to the 1st V. B. Leicestershire Regiment, and is under the command of Captain Bagshawe, the Headmaster of the Lower School.

It would not be too much to say that the Uppingham Cadet Corps is one of the most flourishing institutions at the School. At Bisley the representatives from Uppingham have made themselves conspicuous for their excellence as marksmen.

In two successive years the Spencer Cup has been won by the school corps at the great inter-school contest at Bisley, S. P. Bele and F. H. Sheppee being the successful competitors.

The masters at Uppingham exhibit great interest in the cadets, and many take up positions as officers and in several other ways materially assist to make the Volunteer Corps worthy of the famous Educational Seat at Uppingham.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from a splendid series of Photographs taken specially for this Magazine by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the Original negatives can be obtained.

The following Schools have already appeared in The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine:—Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Christ's Hospital, Dulwich, St. Paul's, Charterhouse, Wellington, Merchant Taylors', Marlborough, Clifton, Cheltenham, Leys College, Bedford Grammar and Haileybury College (Harrow and Rugby are out of print), but back numbers of the others can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London. Post-free, 8\frac{1}{8}d. each copy.

# The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.

Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer: to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.

### By PAUL SETON,

Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," "Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.

III.—THE PRINCE DI RICORDO.

SHALL not easily forget my introduction to the Prince di Ricordo. The midnight hour, the tall, aristocratic form of the Earl of Faversham looking on with mournful eyes, and the knowledge that in an adjoining apartment there lay the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in a sleep the profoundness of which could only be exceeded by death itself, were all calculated to render our first meeting a memorable one. Prince, whatever his past history might have b en, was unquestionably a singularly striking and distinguished-looking individual. The high, white brow, over which clustered in thick profusion the heavy black locks, as brilliant in their hue as a raven's plumage, the piercing eyes that seemed able to penetrate the innermost recesses of the soul, the classic features cast in a mould often described but seldom seen; all combined to make up a personality as startling as it was rare. He was enveloped in rich and almost priceless furs that an emperor might well have envied, while in one of his small and delicately gloved hands he carried a light cane, the knob of which appeared to consist of some curious stone, from which darted forth at irregular intervals little dull flashes of a peculiar greenish tint.

Whether or no the Prince felt any surprise at seeing me I was unable to determine. At any rate he showed none, but drawing a magnificent watch from his pocket, he turned to the Earl with a smile and said:

"I am punctual, my lord, I believe."

The Earl murmured some inarticulate words in reply; and the Prince continued, pointing towards me with his cane:

"I have not the honour of this gentleman's acquaintance, and as the matter we have to discuss is of an eminently private nature, it would, perhaps, be as well that no third party should be present at our interview."

My cheeks burned at this insulting speech, and I felt a strong inclination rise within me to chastise this insolent foreigner on the spot. But the thought of the lovely and helpless creature in such close proximity to me, and the fear that any such act on my part might only tend to complicate matters to her detriment, served as a sufficient check to my passion. I therefore bit my lip and remained silent.

The Earl, whose mind was evidently torn by conflicting feelings, again muttered some words, the purport of which I could not exactly catch, but which I understood in effect to be that I was a friend of his, and that he desired me to remain.

"As you will," said the Prince, with a slight shrug of his shoulders; "really it is not a matter of superlative importance. But as the hour grows late, it is, I think, desirable that we should proceed to business at once. I will therefore take it that this gentleman, being a friend of yours is fully conversant with the object of my visit here to-night, which is, I need hardly re-

mind you, to ask the hand of your daughter, Lady Blanche Neville, in marriage. On the score of eligibility there can, I imagine, be no possible objection. My worldly position is beyond question, and on the day of our marriage I am prepared to pay into your banker's the sum of one million sterling, to be settled upon Lady Blanche in the most absolute fashion you can devise."

To my astonishment the Earl still remained as though partially bereft of speech, and I marvelled at this all the more, seeing that he had but a short time previously expressed himself in such vigorous language concerning this audacious and persistent intruder. The Prince darted a swift glance at him, and then went on:

"I have only just arrived from the Continent, to which important matters oblige me to return almost immediately. It is, therefore, eminently advisable that the marriage should take place without delay, and if you will allow me to suggest the

THE PRINCE STOOD TWIRLING HIS CANE.

date I should say that three days hence would be a very suitable time."

The coolness with which this daring proposal was made completely took away my breath, and for some moments I felt as entirely incapable of uttering a single coherent word as did the Earl. meanwhile the Prince stood calmly in the centre of the room negligently twirling his cane with the curious stone, the green rays from which flashed hither and thither with a strange and indescribable effect. Somehow I could not take my eyes off the baleful thing, which seemed to glitter and glow with such an evil light. Then I fell to wondering to what order of precious stones it could belong, for in the whole course of my experience I could not bring myself to remember anything in the slight. est degree resembling it. By-and-by I tound myself endeavouring to count the number of flashes it emitted per minute, keeping my hand upon my pulse for the purpose. It was an absurd thing to do

on my part—horribly absurd—but though I struggled against the absurdity, it was of no use. And so the time ticked solemnly on, and still the profoundest silence reigned. Then, like one in a dream, I heard the Prince speaking again.

"Yes," he was saying, in a soft, musical voice—there was a wondrously subtle fascination about his voice which was fully in keeping with the rest of his personality; "then we will consider the matter as settled. You have a proverb, I believe," he added with a peculiar smile, "which says that silence gives consent. We will so take it in the present instance."

I seemed at this moment to possess two distinct individualities, one of which was employed in idly watching the Prince's cane, and the other striving with mighty effort to break through the inexplicable spell which seemed to have been cast over us. I tried to speak, but found myself utterly unable to do so. I endeavoured to take a step forward, but I remained as though rooted to the ground. The sensation was as unpleasant as it was novel, and I asked myself mentally how much longer such an unnatural state of things could endure.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. The Prince turned round with an angry gesture, and in so doing carried the cane for a moment out of my sight. The effect upon me was magical. Instead of standing as I had hitherto done, a passive though unwilling spectator of this remarkable scene I felt my previous lethargy fall from me as a cloak drops from the shoulders, and I was myself once more, alert, keen and masterful. and determined at all hazards to resist this man to the utmost extent of my power.

The Earl, who also seemed to recover himself in some measure at this interruption, opened the door to admit a nurse, who told us some-

what excitedly that the Lady Blanche had just manifested signs of returning consciousness. The Earl clasped his hands together, and fervently ejaculated, "Thank God!" The Prince remained unmoved, save that a curious smile flickered across his face for a second and was gone. As for myself, I resolutely determined that this remarkable man should no longer exert his malefic influence over me, if I could possibly prevent it, and I mentally resolved that I would, at all costs, refrain from looking again at that mysterious and fascinating stone.

After the nurse had gone there was another spell of silence, which the Earl was the first to break.

"Prince di Ricordo," he said, with a dignity which became him infinitely well, "I do not pretend or desire to understand the nature of the uncommon powers you apparently possess, but seeing the great and undeserved misery which you have been the means of inflicting upon an entirely innocent family, I appeal to your better nature to regard the negative answer which you have received as absolutely



WHO TOLD US SOMEWHAT EXCITEDLY.

irrevocable, and to depart in peace and trouble us no more."

The Prince remained still carelessly swinging his cane to and fro as before, but I carefully averted my eyes from it, and I observed to my great gratification, that the Earl was following my example. When the Prince spoke it was in a cold, hard voice that betrayed only too clearly the fixity of his purpose.

"My lord," he said — and the motions of the cane became slightly accelerated, "I have already communicated to you my wish, and let me

tell you that I am determined to be obeyed in this matter. From your daughter's lips alone will I accept my dismissal. She has but to say a single word, and I go forth from you for ever."

"But," objected the Earl, "my daughter is not in a fit state to return you any

answer whatever,"

"Pardon me, my lord," replied the Prince coldly, "but you have already heard that the Lady Blanche has manifested signs of returning consciousness. I apprehend," he continued sneeringly, "that I am a better physician than this gentleman here, whom, I imagine, I am not in error in supposing to be a medical man."

I clenched my hands until the action became almost painful. How I hated this insulting foreign princeling! And how earnestly I longed for an opportunity to turn the tables, and cover him and his vile machinations with the confusion they deserved! The Prince must have seen the anger in my eyes, but he took no notice and continued calmly:

"As I have before said, my lord, all I

desire is that your daughter should herself, of her own free will, and without being subjected to any outside influence, say 'Yes' or 'No' to the proposal which I have made. It is a very simple matter, and can be concluded in a very short space of time. If you will allow me to see Lady Blanche, I think you will find my presence will have such a revivifying effect upon her that she will be able to at once bring this affair to a final termination."

The Earl hesitated, and cast an appealing look in my direction, which I fully It was upon myself, then, understood. that the burden of this momentous decision was to rest. I thought rapidly for a few moments over the situation, and it seemed to me that the wisest course was to bring things to a decisive issue without further delay. Besides. I was anxious to be present myself at the wakening of the Lady Blanche, who I could not now doubt had been cast into a strange and inexplicable mesmeric sleep by the arts of the man who

stood carelessly swinging his cane before me. For the first time, therefore, during this extraordinary in-

terview, I spoke.

"My lord," I said, still keeping my gaze carefully turned from the Prince, "if I might be allowed to advise in this matter, I should say that it would be desirable to terminate it in one way or another as

soon as possible."

The Earl nodded eagerly, as though pleased to have another to decide for him under such bewildering circumstances. Without a word, he motioned us to follow him, and led the way to the room where the Lady Blanche was lying.

Already there was a marvellous alteration. The death-like pallor had fled, the warm blood was mantling in her cheeks, and her bosom rose and fell as the rich tide coursed through her veins. But still she slept. If she had been beautiful in my eyes before, as she lay there like some exquisite piece of sculpture fashioned by the inspired hand of genius, how infinitely more lovely was the picture she now presented, as the sus pended life-current throbbed and pulsated once again with all its wonted vigour. That so perfect a creature should become the victim

of such a man as the Prince seemed to me altogether too horrible to contemplate, and inwardly I swore a great oath that if it were within the power of man to avert so ghastly a catastrophe, the Lady Blanche should never, while I lived, become the Princess di Ricordo.

The Prince advanced to the foot of the couch, and extended his arms with a gentle movement thrice, at the same time murmuring a few words in an undertone. Slowly the heavy eyelids unclosed, slowly the delicate right hand sought the fair white brow, slowly those sweet lips parted with a heavy sigh, and the long and mysterious sleep of the Lady Blanche was Sinking his arms, the Prince ended. leaned slightly forward and said, in a gentle and almost melancholy voice:

"Lady Blanche Neville, I ask you before these witnesses to say whether you will become my wife. In the name of the Mighty One I ask you for your answer."

The Lady Blanche sighed again heavily,



" MY LORD," I SAID.

then, raising herself upon her elbow, she turned her face full towards the Prince, and said in a firm, clear voice:

"I will."

Prince turned round to us with a diabolical smile upon his handsome face, the triumphant expression of which it was impossible The Earl to mistake. gave a despairing groan, and sinking into a chair, buried his head in his hands. As for myself, I felt my heart swell within me wellnigh to bursting. My hatred and loathing of the Prince increased a hundredfold in intensity during those last few moments. I gave one swift glance at his smiling, devilish face, and then I knew for the first time why men sometimes thirst with a hot and in-

extinguishable passion that nothing but the shedding of human blood can possibly

assuage.

### IV. WALTER GRAHAM REMEMBERS.

To adequately describe my feelings as I returned home during the early hours of that bleak March morning is a task utterly beyond my power. A herce and irrepressible tumult raged within my mind, to which it is impossible that my pen, at any rate, should render anything like justice. Passion succeeded passion, like the angry waves of the sea, only to dash themselves against the cold, hard rock of fact, and, beaten back, return again in wild and impotent fury to the attack. Uncontrollable rage would be succeeded by hopeless despair, only to be followed in its turn by a wild, inchoate longing for vengeance on the man who had wrought all this havoc in my breast. It was considerably past three when I reached Brook Street, yet I felt not the slightest inclination to retire to rest, and I remained in my study, brooding over the occurrences of the last few hours, until the cold grey dawn slowly crept in upon me, and bathed the room in its pale and melancholy light.

With a supreme effort, I roused myself,



SAID IN A FIRM, CLEAR VOICE, "I WILL."

and began to consider seriously what was best to be done under the circumstances. I was obliged to admit to myself, half with reluctance and half with a new-born sensation of delight, that the sudden and unexpected sight of Lady Blanche Neville had filled my soul with a strange and inexplicable feeling, which as yet I did not even dare to analyse. For some time I was unable to determine upon any satisfactory course of action. In fact, the more I regarded the situation the more hopeless did it appear. I remembered, for the first time with regret, that England was a free country, and that if Lady Blanche persisted in her declared intention to marry the Prince di Ricordo, there was nothing that I, or the Earl, or anyone else, could do to prevent what was to me the most hideous and loathsome of unions. Suddenly a bright thought flashed upon me. I would wire to Walter Graham, and request him to hasten to town, and see me immediately upon an urgent matter which admitted of no delay. I attached such importance to this telegram that I determined to despatch it myself. Besides, I felt that a walk in the fresh morning air would do me no harm, and I therefore put on my hat and sallied forth into the street.

It was barely eight o'clock, and there was not a soul in sight save a disreputable-looking man, leaning against the railings of a house on the opposite side, smoking a short clay pipe, and who looked to my eye like one of those homel-ss wanderers, to whom the passing of the night under no other shelter than that of the open sky was an habitual and natural event, But I was too much wrapped up in my own affairs to bestow more than a passing thought upon this stray piece of humanity, and I made my way to the nearest telegraph office, mentally calculating the probable lapse of time between the forwarding of my telegram and the arrival of Walter Graham in town.

I duly despatched the wire, and on coming out of the office, I saw, with a momentary feeling of surprise, that the ragged loafer I had previously noticed had turned his steps in the same direction as myself, and was now lounging carelessly on the other side of the road, apparently engaged in the congenial occupation of gazing at nothing. A cold bath and breakfast had a wonderfully reviving influence upon me, and I afterwards busied myself in my consulting-room until three o'clock, when the last of my patients departed, and I was again free to wonder how long a period was likely to elapse ere I once more felt the strong, warm grasp of Walter Graham's friendly hand.

As the evening advanced and still my friend came not, I began to experience a return of my former restlessness. At length my impatience rose to such an ungov-

ernable height that I felt for the second time the necessity of recourse to a little fresh recognised, with a certain uneasy feeling. air. Leaving word that I would be back in half-an-hour, I started for a brisk walk round the houses, in the hope that this might drive away, in some degree, the depression which had settled down upon my spirits like a pall.

I walked for some minutes sharply in the direction of the Park, and then turned suddenly with the intention of retracing my steps. In so doing I came into some-



A DISREPUTABLE MAN.

what violent collision with a man, whom I as my vagrant acquaintance of the morning

"Hallo!" I said, with a desire to know whether there was anything more in all this than mere coincidence. "You seem to be in an uncommon hurry, my friend; and you'll excuse me if I recommend you to be in the future a little more careful where you are going. By the way, did I not see you in Brook Street early this morning?"

The man muttered some incoherent reply, and picking up his hat, which had fallen on the pavement, he suddenly darted off in the opposite direction to that in which he had been previously going. This remarkable behaviour on his part left no doubt in my mind that he was a spy—that I was, in fact, being carefully watched, and I needed no conjurer to tell me that the author of this surveillance was in all probability none other than the Prince di Ricordo himself.

With this additional food for reflection I returned home, to find to my great and exceeding joy that Walter Graham had arrived in my absence. After the usual greetings were over, and my friend comfortably ensconced in the easiest of the chairs which my study afforded, I proceeded to narrate to him the strange case of Lady Blanche Neville, and to invite his

opinion thereon.

I had expected him to listen with attention to the details of so curious and remarkable a story, but I must confess that l was not prepared for the extraordinary amount of interest which he displayed as I progressed with my narrative. approached the denouement his excitement became so great that he rose from his chair and began pacing up and down the study floor with short, uneven, eager steps. When I came to the part where Lady Blanche had deliberately said "I will" to the Prince's proposal, he could no longer restrain his feelings. Stopping abruptly in his walk he smote the table heavily with his clenched fist, at the same time exclaiming, in a voice full of irrepressible emotion:

"My God! what an awful scoundrel this Prince di Ricordo must be!"

I had no difficulty in heartily agreeing with him on this point, and I devoutly wished that our unanimity was of itself sufficient to find us some satisfactory solution of the problem. Unhappily, however, we were confronted with a state of things which demanded the most prompt and vigorous action, though in what form or in what way such action was possible, I was altogether unable even in the remotest degree to conceive.

We sat talking over the matter long into the night without coming to any definite conclusion. Indeed, under the circumstances, little else was to be expected. One project after another was broached only to be discarded immediately afterwards as



altogether impracticable and absurd, and we finally separated without having arrived at any decision on the subject.

The next morning we again resumed the discussion, with the same futile result. In fact, the more we considered the situation the more desperate did it appear. We had said everything that could be said, and we were now silently staring at each other with blank and hopeless faces, when the arrival of one of the actors in this strange drama gave a new impulse to our thoughts.

It was the Earl of Faversham, courteous and refined as usual, but bearing in his face the obvious signs of heavy grief. But, as I have said, his manner was as perfect as though sorrow to him were but a name and not an experience. Indeed, the good breeding of the man seemed to be imperceptibly and unconsciously displayed entirely of its own volition, and to flow from him in one continuous stream without the slightest knowledge or effort on his part. He had called, he said, to express his thanks for the ready and sympathetic attention which I had shown the other I replied that I was only too evening.

happy in my attendance, and that it was a source of the very greatest regret to me that I had been unable to be of any real service on the occasion I followed up this expression of sorrow with an anxious inquiry as to the present state of Lady Blanche's health; at the same time adding that my friend, to whom I had already taken the liberty of telling the story, was a well-known and distinguished medical man who took the very greatest interest in this very remarkable case.

"She has," said the Earl, with a sigh, "to all appearance entirely recovered from her mysterious trance, which, singularly enough, does not seem to have had those injurious after effects upon her such as might naturally have been expected."

"And does—is she ——" I began hesitatingly.

The Earl immediately divined what I

wished to say.

"Yes," he replied mournfully; "unfortunately she does. Though on all other points she is perfectly prepared to submit to my wishes, on this she remains unalterably firm. That the marriage is distasteful to her I cannot but believe, but in face of her solemn and reiterated assurances that it is absolutely imperative, I greatly fear it is useless to think of averting it."

I dissented from this proposition inwardly with much vigour, though at the same time I was compelled to admit to myself it was only too probable that the Earl was entirely right in his view of the matter. I said nothing however, and

after a short pause, he went on:

"After all, the marriage is not an entirely unsatisfactory one from a worldly stand-point. The Prince di Ricordo is, beyond all doubt, an exceedingly wealthy man, and though little or nothing seems to be known as to his actual position in society, I have not been able to discover anything serious-

I knew full well that the Earl was only endeavouring to solace himself with such stray crumbs of comfort as he could extract from a situation which it was impossible to doubt he thoroughly deplored in his heart. It was, indeed, a hideous position for anyone to be placed in, and I would willingly at that moment have given all I possessed to be able to terminate it in a fashion at once decisive and effectual. But I could think of no expedient likely to prove of the slightest use in the present emergency, and I ground my teeth

savagely together in the extremity of my rage, as I recognized with despair that unless some totally unexpected and unforeseen circumstance transpired, it was highly probable that the catastrophe which I dreaded more than anything on earth would speedily become an accomplished and irrevocable fact.

I was still gloomily meditating on the exceeding likelihood of this evil consummation, when Graham, who had for some minutes been gazing abstractedly into the fire, suddenly raised his head and said

abruptly:

"I wonder what peculiar sort of stone it could have been which the Prince carried in his cane, and which seems to have been endowed with such mysterious and altogether extraordinary power. Do I understand you to say it was entirely different in its appearance from anything you had ever seen before?"

"Yes," I replied thoughtfully, and with a certain amount of hesitation, for, in truth, I was not quite so thoroughly confident on this point as I had previously been. "Yet, somehow, I have since more than once dimly fancied that, in some way in which I cannot distinctly remember, I have before seen a stone resembling it in some



" BY THE WAY, WISEMAN, WHAT BECAME OF THAT STORE."

measure, though at what time, and under what circumstances, I am utterly unable

to recall to mind."

at the fire after this reply, and for a short space the silence remained unbroken. Then, as though a sudden inspiration had come upon him, Graham all at once smote his hands together sharply and exclaimed:

"By-the-way, Wiseman, what became of that curious stone which the nameless Hebrew gave you on his death-bed, when

we were students at the hospital?"

I could not repress a violent start as these words fell unexpectedly upon my ears. The whole of that almost forgotten scene rose up again before me as vividly as though it had transpired but yesterday; and a great flood of light streamed in upon me as I remembered, with a sharp quickening of the pulse, that it was the recollection of this very, and hitherto strangely neglected, stone which I had been vainly endeavouring to recall ever since my momentous midnight interview with that singular and incomprehensible person who called himself by the imposing title of the Prince di Ricordo.

### V.—THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION.

ALTHOUGH I remained, to all appearance, outwardly calm, it was with a feeling of deep and indefinable excitement that I arose from my chair, and, with a hasty apology to my visitors, left the room to search for the stone which the Israelitish mystic had, with the cold grasp of death upon him, presented to me considerably over a decade ago. It was to me a profound and altogether insolvable mystery how the knowledge of that stone had so completely departed from my remem-Had it been steeped in the waters of oblivion, with the avowed intention of rendering its owner entirely unconscious of its possession, it could not have been possible for its very existence to have slipped my memory in a more absolute and inconceivable manner than it had. Even now that it had been recalled to me in such an unlooked-for fashion by Walter Graham, I was entirely unable to remember where I had hidden it away, and it was with a strange commingling of hope and fear that I proceeded to my study, as being its most likely place of concealment, to commence, with a beating heart, the search for it forthwith.

At last, after a long and tedious seeking,

in which every note in the gamut of my emotions was successively struck, I discovered the little carved sandal-wood casket containing the missing gem. Eagerly I drew it forth from that corner of my ebony bureau in which it had remained hidden from the light of day for considerably more than ten years, and conveyed it exultantly to where the Earl and Walter Graham sat patiently awaiting my return. With a trembling hand, I unscrewed the top of the casket and immediately there rolled out upon the table before us a pale, chameleon-hued stone, the predominant colour of which it was impossible to determine. It was an exact counterpart of that stone which had so strangely affected me when my eyes had rested upon it for the first time in the Prince di Ricordo's cane. But there was this difference: that whereas the Prince's stone had sent forth dull, green, intermittent gleams of light, the scintillating rays of mine, although of the same green hue, were marked by a brilliancy and fire far in excess of those emitted by the other. But in all other respects the two stones appeared to be identical.

We sat staring silently at it as it lay upon the table, flashing out its wonderful light upon us, and again I marvelled to think that I had not perceived its exceeding beauty before. So far as my dim recollection served me, when the Jew had handed it to me upon his death-bed it had simply been a dull mass of colour, bearing not the faintest resemblance to that brilliant and lovely stone upon which we now gazed with such fascinated eyes. Without doubt, I had never looked upon such a glowing gem before, and there gradually stole in upon me an absurd notion that the stone, with all its glittering mobility, was not, after all, merely a gorgeous specimen of mineral production, but a veritable living, moving, sentient thing. Indeed, to such an extent did this preposterous fancy take possession of my brain that even as I gazed, I seemed to see it thrill and throb before me with a pulsating motion which no mere inanimate body ever possessed.

Walter Graham, who had, in a surprising manner, entirely recovered his usual calm and imperturbable demeanour at the sight of the stone, broke in upon this fanciful reverie just in the very nick of time.

"Are you satisfied," he inquired, looking at me steadily, "that this stone is really

the counterpart of the one which affected you so strangely the other

evening?"

"Yes." I replied " the decidedly; exact counterpart, save only that it is infinitely more brilliant than the Prince's. In fact, though the comparison may seem ridiculous, cannot help mentally likening them, the one to a quick and the other to a moribund soul."

"I see," replied Graham thoughtfully; "but as this stone of yours seems to improve so much by remaining undisturbed in darkness, it is quite possible that when it has been exposed to the light for some time

it may again become as dull as it was a dilemma as Graham had thus forebefore. Therefore I have a suggestion to make to you."

"Yes?" I said, in some surprise.

"Yes," repeated Graham quietly. "It has occurred to me that having regard to the exceedingly remarkable likeness which exists between these two stones, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that if they should ever happen by any chance to be placed side by side, it might be an almost hopeless task to say which was yours and which the Prince's. As we know at the present time which is which, I propose to make a slight and almost imperceptible mark on your stone with this diamond," pointing as he spoke to a superb diamond ring on his finger, the gift of a grateful patient whom he had rescued from the very jaws of death. "In that case," he continued grimly, "there will be no difficulty in settling the respective ownerships."

It was a curious idea, and one the utility of which I must confess I did not exactly perceive. It seemed to me in the highest degree improbable that any confusion between the two stones was ever likely to arise, or that I should ever experience such



SAME TIME THERE ARGSE A FAINT GREY VAPOUR.

shadowed. However, I saw no objection to his doing as he proposed, and I therefore signified my consent.

Graham rose slowly from his chair, drawing as he did so the ring from his finger. The Jew's stone was now glittering and glowing with an almost unearthly light. I thought I saw, too, for the first time; red flashes mingling with the green, and again the singular fancy crossed my brain that the stone possessed in very truth some element of life, and was incensed at the deed which Graham proposed to do.

Graham seized it firmly in his fingers, and, as he did so, beyond all question great flashes of red darted from it in every direction, to the almost complete extinction of the green. As Graham deliberately drew his diamond across the base, there wailed upon our ears an indescribable sound, more harrowing in its plaintiveness than any I had previously heard in the whole course of my not inconsiderable experience of human suffering and pain. At the same time there arose a faint grey vapour, which floated slowly upwards and was gradually dispersed. The whole thirg was horribly weird and unnatural, and the extreme

pallor on our faces bore eloquent testimony to its ghastly influence upon our already

highly-tensioned feelings.

Shortly after this, the Earl took his departure, obviously considerably shaken by what he had heard and seen, but not before he had requested me to call again, in my medical capacity, upon his daughter. The marriage, in spite of the Prince's wish for an earlier date, had been fixed to take place three weeks hence, and during this intervening period of respite I called repeatedly upon the Lady Blanche. I found her each time, though perfectly sensible, moving and acting exactly like one in a dream. Her conversation, if brief, was always to the point, and not even the most fastidious could take the slightest exception to the cold faultlessness of her demeanour. All the same, it was impossible not to feel that she could not, in the strict sense of the word, be held responsible for her actions, and that her will was continuously being subjected to a stronger power than her own.

During the whole of this interval I never once saw the Prince di Ricordo until the Sunday before the projected marriage. Graham, who still remained with me, was as unable as myself to suggest any reasonable expedient to thwart the Prince's invincible determination and free Lady Blanche from her impending fate. Acting, however, on his advice, I never called at

the Earl's residence without carrying in my pocket the Jew's last gift to me. He warmly urged that if it should be my lot to encounter the Prince before the fatal day, I should try the experiment whether my stone was capable of producing the same or any similar effect upon him as his had done upon me. But, so far, no chance had been afforded me of making the trial, and dark and ugly thoughts rushed through my soul as I realised at length that the last feeble flicker of hope was on the point of final extinction.

But, as I have said, on this fateful Sunday I had an unexampled stroke of good The Prince happened to call during my visit—the farewell visit, in fact, which I proposed to pay to the sweetest woman I had ever seen, ere her detested union with another. Whether the encounter was intentional or the result of accident it was, of course, beyond my power to say. Anyhow, there the Prince stood before me again, as calm and impassive as ever.

Save for a subtle, elusive, malignant look which once or twice flitted across his face, one would have unhesitatingly pronounced him a worthy bearer of the exalted title of Prince. He was attired in the most perfect taste, and I observed, with a great thrill of exultation, that he carried in his hand the cane with the mystic stone. His manner towards me was of the most

HE GAVE A GREAT START FORWARD.

icy politeness, though an obvious sneer curled round his lips as he sarcastically enquired which of the two I considered the more potent physician. I smiled slightly, but made no direct reply, and, thrusting myhand into my pocket, I drew forth the little sandal-wood casket. Unscrewing the top, I held it to my nostrils as though inhaling some rare and fragrant perfume, at the same time taking care that he

should obtain a full view of the glorious iridescence of the stone within.

Never before had I witnessed such a marvellous change as passed over the Prince's face as his eyes rested, for the

first time within my knowledge, upon that wonderful stone, which was to his in splendid effulgence as the midday sun in contrast to the minor orb of night. He gave a great start forward, and as he did so his cane fell from his hand with a crash upon the floor. Without stooping to regain it, he said, in a voice in which calmness ineffectually struggled with rage:

"Where, may I ask, did you obtain that stone?"

My opportunity had come at last, and I took the fullest advantage of it.

"Prince," I replied, with as much unconcern as I could muster at such an exciting crisis, "it seems to me that you

have not the slightest right to ask me such a question. Where I obtained that stone is certainly no one's business save my own."

With a mighty effort, the Prince, in some degree, recovered his composure, and when he spoke again there was a forced respect in his tone which had hitherto been conspicuously wanting. But for some moments he remained perfectly silent, apparently revol-



ving this new and unexpected development in his mind. Crushing down his feelings to an utterly emotionless point, he said at last:

"Dr. Wiseman, I have a great and sufficient reason for desiring to know how that stone came into your possession. As, however, you refuse to answer this question, permit me to suggest that if you will allow me to call upon you to-morrow, I may be able to make you a proposition to which, I believe, you will not be entirely displeased to listen."

How wildly my heart throbbed at these pregnant words! Already I saw in anticipation the Lady Blanche freed and by my hand! The appointment was duly made, and I returned home in a veritable delirium of joy. Graham listened gravely to my story, but made but one comment

upon it.

"Wiseman," he said, with a degree of solemnity which somewhat surprised me, "I believe you now hold the game for the moment in your own hands. The only thing that I am not sure of is whether the price you are about to pay for victory may not be much too high."

Poor fellow! I forgave him! He had never seen the Lady Blanche. Had he done so, he would never have spoken like

that!

Next morning, punctually as the clock struck ten, the Prince was announced. He had now entirely recovered his customary immobility, and there was a cold, business-like air about him which effectually precluded any but the briefest conversation.

"Dr, Wiseman," he said curtly, "you are, I take it, a man of the world. As such, you will be able to afford to what I am about to say the fullest consideration. I believe I am not in error in supposing that you view the projected marriage be-

tween Lady Blanche Neville and myself with a large amount of antipathy."

I simply nodded my head. I could not

trust myself to speak.

"Very well," he said — he was without his cane, I noticed, this time—" in return for the stone which I saw in your possession yesterday I am willing to entirely relinquish my claim to her hand."

"For ever?" I managed to ejaculate. "For ever," he returned unmovedly.

"Have you any objection to express yourself to this effect in writing?" I enquired huskily.

"Not the slightest," he replied; and he sat down there and then and wrote a full

and unconditional release.

With tumultuously mingled feelings, I delivered the stone into his possession, retaining, however, the casket in which it had been previously enclosed. There was a look I little liked upon his face, but he received it without a word, and, with a haughty gesture, turned to leave the room.

"I trust," I ventured to say as he stood in the open doorway, "that you will now consider it unnecessary to continue your

espionage upon my movements."

A wicked smile flitted over his evil face.

"You must leave that entirely to my discretion," he replied. "It depends altogether upon your future movements. But if you are disposed to accept a warning from me, let me advise you never to cross my path again. Should you ever be rash enough to do so, rest assured the issue will be of such a nature as to involve the everlasting loss to you of all you prize most dearly on this earth." And, with these ominous words, he turned abruptly on his heel and quitted the room.

I need say no more upon this portion of my life, save that six months later Lady

Blanche Neville became my wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

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THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION. THE DRESS.—B.C. 594—A.D. 1354.

"Fashions that are now called new Have been worn by more than you; Elder times have used the same, Though these new ones get the name."

Middleton's " Mayor of Quinborough."

HARD fate has condemned human beings to enter this mortal sphere without any natural covering, like that possessed by the lower animals to protect them from the extremes of heat and cold. Had this been otherwise, countless myriads, for untold ages, would have escaped the tyrannical sway of the goddess Fashion, and the French proverb, il faut souffrir pour être belle, need never have been written.

The costume of our progenitors was chiefly remarkable for its extreme simplicity; and, as far as we can gather, no difference in design was made between the sexes A few leaves entwined by the stalks, the feathers of birds, the bark of trees, or roughly-dressed skins of animals were probably regarded by beaux and belles of the Adamite period as beautiful and appropriate adornments for the body and were followed by garments made from plaited grass, which was doubtless the origin of weaving, a process which is nothing more than the mechanical plaiting of hair, wool, flax, In many remote districts these primitive fashions still prevail, as, for example, in Madras, where, at an annual religious ceremony, it is customary for the low caste natives to exchange for a short period their usual attire for an apron of leaves. In the Brazilian forests the lecythis, or "shirt tree," is to be found, from which the people roll off the bark in short lengths, and, after making it pliable in water, cut two slits for the arm-holes and one for the neck, when their dress is com-The North plete and ready for use. American Indian employs feathers for purposes of the toilet, and many African

tribes are noted for their deftly-woven fabrics composed of grass; and other vegetable fibres and furs and skins are essential articles of dress in Northern latitudes. Perhaps the earliest specimen of a modiste's bill in existence has recently been found on a chalk tablet at Nippur, in Chaldea. The hieroglyphics record ninety-two robes and tunics: fourteen of these were perfumed with myrrh, aloes and cassia. The date of this curious antique cannot be less than two thousand eight hundred years before the Christian era. In ancient times it must be remembered that the principal seats of civilisation were Assyria and Egypt, and upon these countries Western nations depended for many of the luxuries of life. The Jews derived their fine fabrics from the latter



EARLY EGYPTIAN COSTUME.

place, which was particularly noted for its linen manufactures and for magnificent embroideries, of which the accompanying illustration will give some idea. Medes and Babylonians, the highest class, partially arrayed themselves in silk, which cost its weight in gold, and about the time of Ezekiel (B.C. 594) it is known to have been used in the dress of the Persians. It is a remarkable circumstance that this animal product was brought to the West manufactured in cloth, which was only half silk: and it is said the plan was devised of unravelling the stuff, which was rewoven into cloth of entire silk. Owing to its high price, the forbade Romans being used for the entire dress by men, complete robes of silk being reserved for women. It is numbered among extravagant luxuries of Heliogabalus, that he was the first man who wore a silken garment, and the anecdote is well known of the Emperor Aurelian, who refused, on the ground of its extravagant cost, a silk dress which his consort earnestly desired to possess.

Monuments still in existence show that the Egyptians, owing to the warmth of their climate, were partial to garments of a semi-transparent character, while those living on the banks of the Tigris, who were subjected to greater extremes of temperature, wore clothing of similar design, but of wool, with heavy fringes of the same as a trimming. In some





cases this feature of Assyrian costume is shown in double rows, one pendent while the other stands out in a horizontal direction.

The early Greek dress, or chiton, was a very simple contrivance. reaching to the feet. If ungirdled, it would trail on the ground; but generally it was drawn through the zone in such a manner that it was double to the extent of about thirty inches over the vital organs of the body. The great distinction between male and female dress consisted in the length of the skirt. The trimmings were of embroidery, woven diapers, figure bands with chariots and horses; and, in some cases, glass ornaments and thin metal plates were applied Among the working classes the chiton was of coarse homespun, or of leather.

The stola was the Roman equivalent for the nineteenth-century robe or gown, and in many respects resembled the Greek chiton. The fabrics employed were wool and linen up to the end of the Republic, though at a later date, as has already been stated, silk was imported. Colour, under the Emperors, was largely used, and at least thirteen shades of the dye obtained from the murex, which passed under the general name of purple, could be seen in the costume of both sexes.

<sup>\*</sup> For the Drawings of Greek and 12th Century Costumes I am indebted to the courtesyof Messrs. Liberty, Regent Street, London. by whose permission they are reproduced from their interesting work on "Historic Costume."

When the Roman empire was dismembered (A.D. 395) a style seems to have flourished in the important towns of the Mediterranean, which was similar to that worn in mediæval times in Britain, and which may be examined in the specimens of statuary adorning tombs of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The semi-tight under-dress and sleeves appear to have been elaborately embroidered, and the loose mantle of plain material was edged with a border.

One of the earliest descriptions of the female dress in Britain is that of Boadicea, the Queen of the Iceni, whom we are told wore a tunic woven chequerwise in purple, red and blue. Over this was a shorter garment open on the bosom, and leaving the arms bare. Her yellow hair flowed over her shoulders, upon which rested an ample cloak, secured by a *fibula* (brooch). A torque, or necklet, was also worn; a pair of bronze breastplates formed some protection from the Roman arrows, and her fingers and arms were covered with rings and bracelets.

The costume of the Anglo-Saxon ladies consisted of a sherte, or camise, of linen next the skin, a kirtle, which resembled the modern petticoat, and a gunna, or gown,

with sleeves. Out of doors a mantle covered the upper portion of the body, and with the coverchief, or head rail formed a characteristic feature of the dress of the day. Cloth, silk, and linen were the favourite materials for clothing, and red, blue, yellow and green the fashionable colours. Very little black and white were used at this period. Saxon women were renowned for their skill with the needle, and used large quantities of gold thread and jewels in their work. Among other instances quoted, Queen Editha embroidered the coronation mantle of her husband, Edward the Confessor.

For some years after the Norman Conquest, women retained the costume of the Anglo-Saxon period, with certain additions and modifications. Fine coloured cloths and richest furs were used by both sexes, and sleeves and trains were such a length that it was found necessary to knot them, so that they should not trail upon the ground.

The next important change was the surcoat and tight bodice, which was fastened in front to fit the figure.

There are evident traces that as civilisation advanced, the love of dress and the desire of the fair sex to appear beautiful in the eyes of all beholders increased in like proportion. From ancient MSS, and other sources, we have ample proof of this. St. Jerome calls women "philoscomon," that is to say, lovers of innery, and another states: "One of the most difficult points to manage with women is to root out their curiosity for clothes, and ornaments of the body." St. Bernard admonished his sister with greater candour than politeness on her visiting him,

"well arraied with riche clothinge, with perles and precious stones: " " Such pompe and pride to adorne a carion as is youre body. Thinke ye not of the pore people, that be deyen for hunger and colde; and that for the sixth parte of youre gay arraye, forty persons might be clothed, refreshed, and kepte from the colde?"

The increased facilities for travelling offered to those engaged in the Crusades, and the necessary intercourse with other



nations, caused considerable quantities of foreign materials to be imported to England during the Middle Ages: and this had a corresponding effect upon the costume of the period, which was chiefly remarkable for its richness and eccentricity of form. Among the materials in use may be mentioned diaper cloth from D'Ipres, a town in Flanders, famous for its rich dress stuffs; tartan, called by the French "tyretaine," meaning teint, or colour, of Tyre (scarlet being indifferently used for purple by ancient writers, and including all the gradations of colour formed by a mixture of blue and red, from indigo to crimson). There was a fine white woollen cloth called Blanket, named after its inventor, Sarcenet, also from its Sara. cenic origin, and gauze which was made at Gaza, in Palestine. Ermine was strictly confined to the use of the royal family and nobles, and cloths

of gold and silver, and habits embroidered with jewellery, or lined with minever or other expensive fur, could only be worn by knights and ladies with incomes exceeding 400 marks per annum. Those who had not more than 200 marks were permitted to wear silver cloth, with ribands, girdles, etc., reasonably embellished; also woollen cloth not costing

more than six marks the piece.

The tight forms of dress now in common use among women were an incentive to tight lacing, an injurious practice, from which their descendants suffer. A lady is described

> "Clad in purple pall, With gentyll body and middle small,"

and another damsel, whose splendid girdle of beaten gold was embellished with emeralds and rubies, evidently, from the description, had a waist which was not the size intended by nature.

## A JAPANESE BOUDOIR.

Perhaps I ought to say an Anglo-Japanese boudoir, for in the Land of the Chrysanthemum the houses have fittings of so simple a character that they would hardly find favour with Englishwomen, who like



12TH CENTURY.

14TH CENTURY.

to surround themselves with countless knickknacks and furniture which is suited to the needs of their daily life. A British matron, for instance, would never be convinced that tables and chairs were superfluous luxuries, and that all necessary rest could be obtained while reclining upon the mats that covered the floor; that little wooden supports for the head, somewhat resembling in shape those used for fire-irons, were excellent substitutes for down pillows; that hand-mirrors were preferable to those we use as mural decorations; and that a number of little trays placed on the ground were well adapted for afternoon tea. The pretty articles for domestic use, which are exported in such large quantities from Japan, are all designed to meet the views of European purchasers, and have been a great boon during the last few years to those who have only a limited amount to expend on their household plenishings. The chief characteristics of Japanese furniture are lacquer and bamboo; and one is also struck by the ardent desire of the artist to avoid bilateral symmetry; indeed, two sides which correspond are seldom to be seen.

The beautiful lacquer on their trays

and ornaments has an interesting history. It is drawn as a thickish juice from a tree, much as sugar is extracted from the maple in North America, and rubber from the trees of Central Africa. They grow to a very large size, and would live to a considerable age if they were not cut down when about forty years old, so that the lacquer may be obtained from the branches. Young trees are substituted for the old ones, and all that is pos-

sible is done to promote this native industry. Japanese lacquer is proof against boiling water, alcohol and almost every agent known, while it takes a polish which

is practically indestructible.

For such a room as the one shown in the accompanying sketch, a redand-white chess-board pattern matting would make a suitable dado. Above this a creamcoloured paper of conventional design, and trieze of Japanese character (which could easily be obtained from an Oriental warehouse), might be used with good effect. If preferred, light brown cartridge paper, and a dado of shaded chrysanthemums would look equally well. For panelling the walls, securing the dado and frieze, and for dividing the delicately-tinted ceiling, bamboo would take the place of ordinary wooden

mouldings, but where the



A JAPANESE BOUDOIR.

expense is not an objection, a ceiling of stained wood is more satisfactory. Matting is also useful as a floor covering, but must be supplemented by Oriental rugs.

or the effect is somewhat chilly. Red-and-white duhries and bead curtains softly shade the light, and lacquer, matting and bamboo are excellent substitutes for polished wood and upholstered furniture. From such an apartment gas should be strictly excluded. Two or three antique hanging and one standard lamp will be ample, and blue and white pottery of quaint design will harmonise best with the decorations described.

The quaint little writing-table should be well supplied with the necessaries for correspondence. The bookcase is of sufficient size to contain one's favourite authors—those dear companions of good and evil times; and the



A JAPANESE WHATNOT.

gentle strains of music will soothe the savage breast, and save us from despair.

Every house should contain such an apartment, in addition to the ordinary sitting-rooms; and it requires time and forethought to compass this simple matter, rather than a large expenditure of money. What a comfort it is to the tired housewife; to the overwrought girl who is hurried from pillar to post, and who thinks, if she does not say, with the prophet, "Oh, that I had in the wilderness of wayfaring man a lodging place;" to little children weary of their nursery and craving for change and their mother's presence. and to the men-kind of the family, who in nine cases out of ten prefer it to the more formal drawing-room.

When the school-room or nursery are no longer required, it can easily be converted into such a cosy nook, and will afford considerable pleasure to those who are intrusted with its decoration. The various articles illustrated were purchased from Messrs. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, London; and for the design for the interior decoration I am indebted to Mr. William Whiteley of world-wide

fame.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The bazaar given at Stafford House by the kind permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, in aid of the Rosslyn Weary Toilers' Home, Brentford, was opened by Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, who presided at one of the stalls The other stall-holders were the Duchess of Sutherland, Blanche Countess of Rosslyn, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine, Viscountess Hood, and Mrs. Reid. The sale took place in the magnificent entrance hall of Stafford House, whose walls are lined with costly-coloured marbles, frescoes, and other works of art. During the afternoon there was a concert, followed by a comedy, performed by Miss Aimé Lowther and Mr. Lowther. The musical portion of the programme was supplied by Lady Randolph Churchill, Miss Liza Lehmann, Miss Gwladys Wood, Mr. Willie Woltmann, Mr. Henry Bird, Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Henry Beauchamp and others. Among those present, were Lady Colin Campbell, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, Lady Romney, Miss Baden-Powell, etc. etc. The toilettes of the stall-holders were very becoming, but of a simple character. The Duchess of Sutherland wore a girlish gown of brown homespun, trimmed with passementerie, and a picturesque hat of green velvet, with black ostrich plumes and bunches of violets; her sister, Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine, was also in brown, the bodice made with triple cape, edged with wolverine, and waistcoat and revers of ivory satin, covered with cream lace and large black straw hat, with crimson roses. H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck had a heliotrope velvet gown with narrow stripe.



JAPANESE STANDARD LAMP.

It was trimmed with passementerie. Her small gold lace bonnet had purple roses and a yellow aigrette, Viscountess Hood wore a black moiré gown, with double capes and sleeves lined with white satin, and small black bonnet. Blanche Countess of Rosslyn was in a most becoming widow's dress of black grosgrain. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox had a pretty gown of navy blue silk crépon with white spot, and zouave of duchess lace, with which was worn a black straw hat with pale pink roses. Lady Colin Campbell looked exceedingly handsome in a long seal mantle with revers of astrachan, and a toque of black crinoline, trimmed with cowslips; and Lady Randolph Churchill was in a brown cloth gown, worn with a small hat of dark green velvet.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who possesses youth, beauty, and unbounded wealth, does not allow these charming attributes to prevent her considering the more serious side of life. Her interest in those engaged in the Scottish woollen industries is well known; she never despises the domestic arts, and has won for herself literary fame by her delightful book "Round the World in my Twentieth Year," and by contributions of a highly interesting character to the leading

periodicals.

The handsome suite of rooms used by the members of the Royal Institute of Water Colours was crowded by the large and fashionable audience attending the first conversazione of the season given by the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts. The music was under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A.M., who had secured the services of such distinguished artistes as Miss Agnes Jansen, Miss Regina Atwater, Miss Angela Vanbrough and Mr. Wilfred Bendall. Miss Atwater, the charming American vocalist, contributed to the programme "Nella Calma" (Donizetti) and Clay's ever popular song "She wandered down the mountain side," and also took part in a duet with Miss Jansen. The latter sang with much feeling the Aria ("Samson and Delilah"), St. Saens, and "Sequedille" ("Carmen"). Miss Angela Vanbrough's Mazurka by Zarzycki, for the violin, was also well received, and Mr. Wilfred Bendall presided at the pianoforte. Mrs. Edmondston, the wife of the President, was becomingly gowned in black satin, relieved with terracotta. Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) wore a gown of black silk and ruby ornaments, Mrs. Davis, of Johannesburg, had a dress of pale green ondine silk, festooned with cream lace and rouleaux of rose du Barri satin. Miss Helen Pettican wore a stylish Empire dress of leaf green crépon, the puffed sleeves of silk the same shade, and a long crimson sash of dull red satin, tied at the Mrs. Haite was in grey satin trimmed with steel passementerie, and wore puffed sleeves of yellow satin. Harry Liley was becomingly attired in black lace over crimson satin, and one of the handsomest gowns in the room (evidently from a Parisian house), was composed of pale turquoise and white brocade (feather design) with revers of emerald green velvet. The guests included Mr. Acton Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Arthur Stannard, Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, and the Misses Donaldson, etc. etc. etc.

I wonder if any of my readers have met with a delightful game called Table Tennis, which possesses many of the charms of the lawn variety without entailing so much fatigue or a change of costume. It is in great demand on board ship, as the saloon tables can be easily utilised, or it can be played on an ordinary dining or billiard table.

I shall be pleased to send the address of the patentee to any enquirers, as it is a novelty which is sure to find favour in the family circle. The tiny rackets, xylonite balls, and miniature net, are things of beauty, and are neatly packed in a well-made box fitted with lock and key.

During the London season the young people as well as their elders expect to do their part in entertaining, and I recently was present at a juvenile party where the programme of amusements included living whist, which is similar in idea to the living chess so popular a few years ago. The older children represented the court cards, and were carefully costumed so as to appear as like the duplicates in the pack as possible. The aces were four charming girls with small pages holding their trains, and all the cards from ten downwards were little boys and girls in

white, bearing a card on the front of their dress denoting the suit and number of pips. Each one also carried a tambourine similarly embellished. All the cards marched in to the strains of music, and arranged themselves in a hollow square, each suit occupying one side. At a given signal all ran into the centre, shuffled themselves and rearranged in four parallel lines, of thirteen each; but with the suits mixed. These, after marching, were collected round the four players, who stood in the corners of the room. Then the game commenced by each player calling in turn which card he would play, and the four cards demanded walked to the centre of the square when a herald announced which had won the trick, when the other three made obeisance to the winner, who led them to one side. It caused considerable laughter when three stately court cards, perhaps, king, queen, and ace, were won by a little mite of a child representing the two of trumps, and were led away in triumph. The different deals were interspersed with minuets danced by the court cards. And more lively movements, such as the Maypole, Highland Fling, Spanish and Barn dances, were indulged in by the smaller cards.

Since writing my article on Holiday Homes, in the February issue of the Lub-GATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, an American correspondent has kindly sent me some particulars of Idlewood, a summer settlement near Buffalo. About sixty acres have been purchased in this picturesque district by twenty families, who have built residences there. The houses, of course, vary in size, according to the requirements of those who occupy them, but in each case they are surrounded by roomy verandahs, and most of them are built of wood or some other inexpensive material at a cost of from £300 to £600. The subscription for each family is £20 per annum, which pays the interest on the capital account, viz., cost of the estate, gardening, drainage, etc. Entrance is by ballot, two black balls excluding. The affairs of the community are arranged by three committees. The General Committee are financial trustees and managers of the property. The Catering Committee engage the chief cook or manager, who serves meals in a central hall, thus relieving the ladies of all trouble and domestic

worry. There are three meals a day, at an average cost of 15. each per person. Service can be given in the various houses for a fixed sum, or a maid may be brought by each family, who is expected to keep the villa in order. There is a common dining-hall for the servants. As a carriage is kept by each family, there is also a communal stable. The Amusement Committee arrange for various entertainments, including dancing, tennis, boating, These few particulars may suggest to English people a novel and pleasant manner of spending three or four months in the summer without incurring too large an outlay.

It was lately my privilege to be present at a most interesting lecture on Personal Beauty, given by the famous dermatologist, Mr. Herbert Melville, when some important hints were offered to the fair sex on physical exercises, diet, hygiene, etc. Those unhappy people who suffer from an excess of adipose tissue were informed, in a practical manner, how they could reduce themselves to average proportions; and those possessing sylph-like, not to say attenuated, forms, were instructed how they should proceed to obtain softly-rounded curves and a nicely balanced figure.

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There is little doubt that rest is the royal road to health, for complete physical and mental repose is quite as necessary for a woman's well-being as nutritious food and suitable clothing. If we would scare away grey hairs and wrinkles, and maintain mens sana in corpore sano, we must tincture our conduct with commonsense. A noted society beauty, who has managed to retain her good looks well into middle life, declares that a day in bed once a fortnight, has a magical effect upon the appearance. After taking a light breakfast, consisting of poached eggs, dry toast and weak tea, with abundance of milk (coffee would destroy the bloom of a Cleopatra, and rob Helen of Troy of her greatest charm—a soft, clear skin), an hour should be allowed before the bath, which may be taken as hot as can be borne. Every part of the body except the face and hair should be subjected to brisk friction with a well-soaped loofah, after which the temperature of the water can be lowered till it is nearly cold.



GOWN WORN BY LADY ARTIST ON STUDIO SUNDAY.

Thoroughly dry, put on clean linen, and proceed to wash the face in the following manner. Place in a hand-basin a quart of cold spring water; bathe thoroughly with this, and allow the eyes to remain open, as they are strengthened if habitually subjected to a daily dose of aqua pura. Make a lather on the hands with a good super-fatted soap, and thoroughly cleanse every square inch of the countenance. Rinse off in several waters, and in the last one place a cake of pasta Mack, which gives a delicate appearance to the skin not to be obtained in any other way; it also leaves a fragrance behind which is exceedingly refreshing. Then return to bed, and a luncheon of boiled fish, milk and as much fruit as can be conveniently taken. At four o'clock a cup of tea and a couple of slices of thin brown bread and butter will be acceptable. About seven make a simple toilette, don a loose gown (corsets are consigned to oblivion during the rest cure), and take a light dinner on the couch; and at nine return to bed and sleep the sleep of the just till the following day. For those in ordinary health, but subjected to excess of work, worry or

nervous exhaustion, such a programme cannot be too highly recommended, while those who are really run down can continue the same régime for a week with advantage, when they will return to their usual avocations like giants refreshed.

The extreme importance of spending a portion of the day in a recumbent position cannot be too earnestly insisted upon. No less an authority than Sir William Jenner (whose valuable services are unfortunately no longer available to the general public, though the Royal Family show from time to time how greatly they appreciate his medical skill and attention) once said to the writer that few women realised how seriously they affected their general health by long-continued standing or sitting. In either of these positions the weight of the body and legs tend to draw the vital organs downwards; but while resting on one's back the muscular system is relaxed. However cleverly we delude ourselves, lounging in a chair, with no support to the feet, is not rest.



VELVETEEN AND BROCADE DINNER GOWN.

Though I run the risk of being accused of preaching the gospel of laziness, I do say, never stand when you can sit, and never sit when you can lie down, and you will soon find the benefit of following this advice.

No better opportunity is afforded of studying the early spring fashions than to conscientiously visit the studios of our leading artists on that high festival known as Show Sunday. Every daughter of Eve dons her prettiest and most bewitching costume, and whether she plays the rôle of hostess or guest, her toilette at these functions is sure to be sans peur et sans reproche. I have given'a sketch of a handsome gown worn by a lady who has won for herself not only name and fame for her skill as a portrait painter, but the reputation of being one of the most fascinating women in London. The dress was of dark blue velvet, with plain skirt, trimmed with three graduated bands. The bodice had puffed sleeves and large revers, and the vest and cuffs were of white watered silk—a most fashionable material this season.

So many useful and artistic costumes can be made from that favourite fabric, velveteen, that I have no hesitation in calling the attention of our readers to those prepared for the present season by Messrs. Lewis, of Manchester, which include a long range of colourings, and so nearly resemble the best Lyons velvet in appearance that none but an expert could tell the difference. They are particularly suitable for dinner gowns, and combine with broché or brocade in the most satisfactory manner. Such materials should be allowed to fall in classical lines, and folds, and require little trimming. The accompanying sketch is offered as a suggestion for an inexpensive but stylish dinner gown, in shades of Robin Hood green and ean de Nil brocade.

Words fail to describe the exquisite millinery now on view in the windows of the leading London firms and elsewhere. Bonnets somewhat resembling a Nuremburg cap are in great favour, and prove very becoming to vouthful faces. trimmings, spring flowers are largely used, particularly cowslips and violets, which are often arranged round the edge, while the back is finished with hows of ribbon or lace, interspersed with jet or steel. Fancy straws of every kind have made their appearance, and are exceedingly effective. Large picturesque hats meet with more patronage than close-fitting shapes, and are loaded with flowers, feathers and similar ornaments, in many cases of a different shade or contrasting colour.





## NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR. By John A. Steuart.

HAVE never been able to grasp the philosophy of the "tip"; and therein I appear to resemble that illustrious man, Mr. Cremer, M.P. Mr. Cremer objects to "tipping"—objects to it on principle (the only ground on which a legislator would object to anything), because he thinks it degrading to human nature. I confess that my sentiments agree exactly with his'n, as Artemus Ward would say. The "tipping" system is a demeaning and reprehensible one. It is twice cursed: it curseth him who gives and him who takes; it destroys the manhood of the giver and of the receiver. It is the very meanest form of bribery, though the most popular, and is most to be dreaded and shunned when it assumes the form of charity. In this free and enlightened—this moral and high-minded England, you cannot turn but you are compelled to tip. Porters, waiters, hairdressers, scavengers, bootblacks, cabbies, street-arabs, lamplighters, gamekeepers,

butlers, kitchen-maids, laundresses and domestic servants of all kinds, all expect, in the expressive phrase of their class, to have the palm greased if they so much as condescend to turn their eyes on you. You cannot enjoy the briefest holiday without tipping to right and left, as if loose change were made to be scattered like chaff before the wind. The fairest and most famous scenes in England (to confine ourselves to our native land) are made repulsive

by abominable armies of polite beggars, who, under pretence of rendering a petty service, are resolved to fleece you —and succeed. It is tip here, tip there, tip everywhere, while one has a threepenny-bit in his pocket. It is hard to say how the heinous practice originated. That it arose in an age of serfs and trick. sters is clear, for only slaves and knaves would lend themselves to a system of bribes and impositions. Nowadays we call "tips" by the euphemistic name of gratuities, because (Heaven be praised) we are a polite people, and like to gloss the truth in disagreeable things. word "tip" itself is derived from dibbs, which, as the learned Dr. Brewer points out, was in its turn a perversion of diobs,



TIPPING TO RIGHT AND LEFT.



i.e., diobolus—a classic coin of the value But however the practice of of 21d. "tipping" arose, and however respectable may be the derivation of the word "tip," no honourable man will uphold the morality of the system of "gratuities" which now prevails so universally. That system, indeed, is a tax much more iniquitous and comprehensive in its evil consequences than, let us say, the income The latter merely puts an impost upon man's industry—it concedes you the privilege of paying the more the harder you work; but the former saps your manhood and destroys your honesty.

Let us refrain from flying into ethical regions and stick to the plain and the practical. The "tip," then, is an imposition—a pure imposition, as frequenters of a London restaurant, for example, know to their cost. Should the fact escape your memory, the foreign gentleman, who does you the honour of waiting upon you there, does not hesitate to remind you, with that bland smile of which foreigners alone possess the secret, that it would be a graceful and gentlemanly thing to "tip" the waiter. You may ignore the hint, of course, but if you do, woe betide you if ever you set foot inside that restaurant again. Every frequenter of a restaurant knows only too well that to be decently served he must not only pay for what he eats, but must also "remember the waiter." It is in regard to waiters that the righteous indignation of Mr. Cremer, M.P., has

been roused. In the House of Commons, it appears, you can procure a fair meal at a fair price; but when the tariff charges have been duly met, the unctuous Swiss or German gentleman who serves you waits with buttery countenance and open palm for the immemorial tip. Now, Mr. Cremer, M.P., considers that this sort of thing has just gone far enough—or rather, he thinks it has gone too far, and ought He is of opinion that it is to be stopped. high time British legislators were asserting their freedom and independence; so he proposes that "tipping" shall be abolished henceforth and for ever in the House of Commons.

Did Mr. Cremer imagine he could work a revolution with rose-water? If so he must have been speedily undeceived. No sooner did his motion get wind than a demonstration was organised by "The International Waiters, Waitresses, Barmen, Barmaids and Domestic Servants' Protection Union" (that title alone



AN IMPOSITION.

is e\_ough to strike consternation to the offender's heart) to protest against his interference with the time-honoured custom of "tipping." Five hundred international waiters, waitresses, barmen, barmaids and domestic servants demonstrated in Hyde Park, and poured the vials of their wrath upon the devoted head of Mr. Cremer, M.P. A butler (not Jeames of Berkeley Square, but probably a lineal descendant) was elected to the chair, and speeches were duly made; said speeches being conceived in the choicest spirit of Bethnal Green and Billingsgate. A gentleman with a foreign name declared the House of Commons was the greatest sweating establishment in the world,

whereat there was uproarious applause. A tip, said this speaker, in a burst of unpremeditated candour, disgraced a waiter; nevertheless, things being as they are, the waiter is prepared to risk ignominy and take a "tip." The meeting unanimously passed a resolution condemning Mr. Cremer, M.P., and the secretary was formally instructed to send a copy to the offending legislator and "to the kitchen department of the House of Commons," where, no doubt, it will be cherished as a treasure of inestimable value. I suppose there is no hope or prospect of legislation of any sort until the grievance which has stirred the choler of the kitchen department of the House of Commons is set right. Have we not here a wonderful and instructive example of the spirit of the age? Waiters, barmen, kitchenmaids, bullying "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world "into giving "tips." What are we coming to? I suppose we shall next have cab-horses and costermongers' donkeys agitating for a more liberal allowance of oats and a half holiday on Saturday. Truly, the signs of the times are passing strange. We are a great people and freedom will die with us—the freedom of the wild ass, over which the late Mr. Carlyle waxed so eloquent. Meantime, we have the international union of barmen and waiters to keep us right. I have a profound respect for waiters—they are a useful class of men, even if they should

show the contempt of foreigners for the Queen's English; but when they try to enforce "tips" I transfer my allegiance to those who rise against the tyranny of evil cus-

toms.

The popular form of recreation at present is not the theatre, nor horse-racing, nor boating, nor wrangling over politics, nor marrying and giving in marriage — but suicide. The British people seem to suffer from periodical fits of suicidal mania, as Macaulay assured us they suffer from periodical

fits of morality. The suicidal tendency has been strong upon them of late, and consequently coroners have had their hands full. Three, four, five, even six suicides a day have been no unusual record of late. What is the cause? In each case a jury has deliberated and brought in the easy verdict of unsound mind. But that does not explain the matter. Madness, temporary or chronic, has always been assumed in the victims of self-slaughter. No sane person, it is presumed, would commit the act of felo de se, and probably the presumption is correct. Yet there is no evidence in the majority of cases recently investigated by coroners' juries of pronounced mental aberration preceding the act of self-destruction. Is suicide the result of long premeditation, of brooding upon the ills and futilities of life, or of sudden, unreasoning impulse? Here is a problem for science; a problem which, if satisfactorily solved, could not but lead to discoveries of vast importance in mental pathology. We know, of course, that science, or pseudo-science has already had its say on the matter. We have heard much about the cerebral changes and of "the molecular disorganisation of the nervous structure," which has been or ought to be noticed in suicides. We know, too, that people of melancholic, morose and hypochondriacal temperaments are prone to suicide. Much curious information is contained in Dr. Forbes

> Winslow's "Anatomy of Suicide," and in a French work called "Du Suicide et de la Folie Suicide," Yet the more we read on the subject the more we are likely to be puzzled. The fact is that for the proper explanation we have to fall back on our old friends the nerves. The conditions of life are daily pressing harder and harder on the nervous organisation. That stress of modern existence, of which we hear so much and which most of us heed so littlethe stress in commerce, in the profes-



sions, in education, even in amusements—is threatening us with dire consequences. A French savant, not long ago, predicted that if the present mode of living be continued, all Europe will be stark mad in a certain given number of years. Possibly it may not turn to Bedlam in our time, but the predictions of science are decidedly disquieting to those who are interested in the welfare of posterity. What we specially lack—what we specially need—is the faculty of restfulness—the capacity to take things easier; to learn that salvation and the happiness of the race depend much less than is generally supposed on getting on, or, in other words, on heaping up money. It is not always the best policy to make haste in getting rich, for if the Nemesis that presides over the destinies of men be tolerant in

one direction, she will be cruel in another, and for every favour she grants she will exact a penalty. The penalty for aiming at the prizes of modern life, which few of us are so lucky as to secure, is nervous disorganisation. Wise men have recommended various remedies for the evils that afflict us in these latter days. Carlyle told us to listen to the voice of the Eternal verities, and all would be well with us. Mr. Gladstone informed us that all we needed to be perfectly happy was

the extension of the franchise. Mr. Herbert Spencer would apply a subtle synthetic philosophy to our maladies. Mr. Ruskin would have us master the moralities of art as the only sure way of gaining paradise; and other physicians have pressed their nostrums upon us as infallible remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Mr. Matthew Arnold's plan was that we should all read the ancients. "They can help to cure us," he wrote, " of what is, it seems to me, the great vice of our intellect manifesting itself in our incredible vagaries in literature, in art, in



religion, in morals, namely, that it is fantastic and wants Sanity. Sanity—that is the great virtue of the ancient literature; the want of that is the great defect of the modern. . . . It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing something of our caprice and eccentricity." Sanity—precisely what we need. But perhaps Renan was as wise as any of our many counsellors when he advised us to do our work singing. That seems to me excellent advice. The man who sings at

his work is not likely to go mad, nor likely to resort to hemp, lead or steel to aid him in shuffling off the mortal coil. If we could occasionally take ourselves less seriously than is our habit; if we could recognise that the stars do not cover their faces at our disappointments, nor the sun grow dim over our vexations—in a word. that we and our concerns are not of the very first importance in the universe, the singing spirit would come to us the more readily. Keats avers that there is no fiercer hell than failure in a great enterprise. Failure in any enter-



THE WAN WHO SINGS AT HIS WORK,

prise, great or small, is provoking; but the true philosophy of life consists in taking what comes as the natural, proper and inevitable thing. We cannot all be rich, we cannot all be great, we cannot all have newspaper paragraphs and banquets and huzzaing crowds; and it is poor policy to make ourselves miserable because others are happy in a way that is denied to us. Chagrin is, nine times out of ten, the real cause of suicide, though the immediate cause may be cerebral changes. Therefore let us sav with Richmond, when encouraging his followers just before the fight of Bosworth, "In God's name, cheerily on, courageous friends." Our Bosworths may also be made splendid if only the heart be kept right.

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The reference to science reminds me of an interesting controversy that has been raging (raging is the proper word) for some time. My readers are all more or less familiar with the great subject of vivisection; and, doubtless, some of them are with Mr. Victor Horsley and some against him. It is the way of the world to be divided, and differences, it must be said, give a zest to existence. The antivivisectionists have been waxing loud of late, and have succeeded in drawing some sharp rejoinders from the other side. One can see that a good deal of sentimentality is mixed up with the discussion of the question. Now I greatly value sentiment, and would not for the world disparage it. In spite of all that scoffers may say, it is the salt and the savour of life. Nothing so potently incites to noble deeds; nothing so surely begets that balm of sympathy which the best of us needs at times. But the noblest qualities may be misapplied, that is to say, applied in times and places in which they are inappropriate. Dr. Tyndall taught us something about the scientific uses of the imagination; it remains for someone to enlighten us regarding the scientific uses of sentiment. The trouble is that we are in darkness. There are men of science who would exclude sentiment from their investigations and experiments as rigidly as they would exclude imagination. If a layman might venture an opinion such men have still something to learn concerning the best modes of seeking after truth. What is necessary is not the exclusion but the regulation of sentiment. The anti-vivisectionists do not yet know how to do this; and in consequence they are injuring their own case. It may be true, as they aver, that there is cruelty in experimenting on living animals; but it ought to be remembered that the few are sacrificed for the sake of the many—nay, that dogs and rabbits are experimented on that men and women may be cured of their diseases. Which is the more valuable, the life of a dog or the life of a man? That is really the crux of the whole question. If men of science are right in affirming that, in the words of Sir James Crichton Browne, "experiments on living animals are as necessary to the further progress of medical science and the healing art as are experiments in test-tubes to the advancement of chemistry, theoretical and applied," then the vivisectionists are immediately Their object is not, as some justified. would have us suppose, to inflict wanton pain, but to save and prolong human life. Rational people, balancing the pros. and cons. (and all life is a balancing of good against evil) will, therefore, vote with the men of science. To say that animals should not be destroyed for the benefit of man would be to speak nonsense, seeing the number of butchers who flourish in our midst. And as to suffering, there is really no pain when anæsthetics are administered, as they always are, in vivisec-"I am satisfied," writes Sir James Crichton Browne again, "that the pain caused by the floggings administered to school children in London on any one dav—experiments on vertebrate, warmblooded living animals under the licence of the School Board, and with very problematical advantages, is vastly greater than that arising from all the vivisections performed in all the laboratories of the United Kingdom in the course of a year." That statement, from one of the leading medical authorities, will surely silence the cry about cruelty. It might be well to remember, too, for the sake of consistency, that rabbits are trapped and allowed to break their limbs and torture themselves for a whole night, and that the suffering thus inflicted is a hundred times greater than can possibly occur under the present system of vivisection. It is well to look facts fairly in the face, especially in the domain of science.

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Mr. Herbert Ross informs me that he

is one-and-twenty, well educated, "endowed" with literary tastes and is burning to make a name as an author. That is a quite legitimate ambition so far as I am aware; at any rate, it animates many respectable persons at the present moment. But my correspondent, having made his modest statement about himself, proceeds to ask whether I would advise him to adopt literature as a career. No, Herbert, decidedly not. I am chary about tendering advice in anything; in respect to the adoption of literature as a profession 1 am particularly chary. You see, so many

are called and so few are chosen; the chances of success are so few and the chances of failure so many that I naturally hesitate in saying Yes. You remember that now memorable advice of Punch to those about to get married—Don't. think it scandalous that Mr. Punch should give such counsel, though humourists, it is well known, like to laugh in their sleeve. Transfer the Don't from matrimony to literature, however, and I repeat it with all my heart. Herbert wants to be famous. Dr. Holmes once observed that nothing is so commonplace as a wish to be remarkable, and added some sage words that literary aspirants might do worse, very much worse, than read. They are to be found in the last chapter of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," a book of which Herbert may possibly have heard. The saying I have quoted is a hard one; but I cannot affirm that it is untrue. We hear it said that literature is the only profession in which the aspirant requires no training, no apprenticeship. Does it not, indeed! Let those who hug that plausible delusion put their faith to the test. Before he decides to follow in the footsteps of Shakespeare or Dickens, I should strongly recommend Mr. Herbert Ross to read what a host of literary men, from Scott and Carlyle to Grant Allen and Robert Buchanan, have to say of writing as a means of making a



living. Perhaps Anthony Trollope is as practical as any of them, and I therefore especially recommend his autobiography. If, after discovering all the objections that can possibly be raised to letters as a career, Mr. Ross still trusts in his own genius, then let him go bravely ahead and prosper. Byand-by it may be my pleasant duty to welcome the brilliant productions of his pen. But I own I am not very sanguine.

It is very rarely that books of any consequence are issued about Easter, and this year

J. A. S.

marks no exception to the rule. Some readable works have appeared during the last month; but few of them are of striking merit and none are likely to be a permanent addition to literature. Mr. S. R. Crockett's "Raiders" (Fisher Unwin) is in many ways an interesting and vigorous story; but it is safe to say it would never have been written but for "Kidnapped" and other tales from the same pen. Mr. Crockett is a mere echo of Stevenson, without Stevenson's gift of style. A more important contribution is "Esther Waters" by Mr. George Moore (Walter Scott). Mr. Moore long since made good his claim to be considered the English Zola, and he both gains and suffers from the circumstance. His latest book is certain to be widely read; it is certain also to be pronounced clever in many quarters, and in many quarters it will assuredly give offence. Mr. Moore sometimes writes as if our language were a foreign tongue to him, and in "Esther Waters" there are numerous examples of bad English. The book is, nevertheless, a strong one, and will, in my opinion add considerably to its author's reputation. Before this reaches my readers Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Marcella," will have appeared. Next month I hope to notice it at some length.

#### DRAMATIC NOTES.

#### By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

THERE is no doubt but that the class of actor or actress and the quality of the material is rapidly improving in the Music Halls. Look at one of the latest additions —I mean the "tableaux vivants." First we had the Kilanyi troupe at the Palace who gave us a series of pictures founded on my-They were artistic and thological tales. realistic, but to many minds they meant nothing more than a pleasing picture. The Alhambra, under the skilful management of Mr Albert Gilmer, has gone one better. It was a happy idea to give us pictures of heroes of to-day. In Mr. Clement Scott's hands the subject was dealt with in a spirited and soul-stirring style, and words were given such as become the subject.

Mr. Clement Scott's idea is a good one. He argues that our sailors and our soldiers, trained ever to face danger and strife, are rewarded for their deeds of valour by the Victoria Cross. Why, then, are not our civilian heroes, who though not trained to face danger, yet are ever ready to risk limb or life in attempting to save a brother or sister in trouble or peril.

Often, far too often, deeds of heroism are done and no one is the wiser. The fireman fights through flames and blinding smoke to reach the sleeping ones, and, half choking and scorched, will rescue and save those imperilled, only to do so, perhaps, at the loss of his own life.

Are we not now and then electrified by reading of the noble actions of our gallant lifeboat men — men who think naught of putting to sea if life can be saved, even though the storm rages and the tempestuous billows roll mountains high? It is for such as these Mr. Scott pleads in these stirring lines.

The tableaux are six in number—the miner, the policeman, the engine driver, the fireman and the lifeboatman; the sixth shows us Britannia crowning her civilian heroes with laurels for their brave deeds

All that the management could do to render the pictures perfect and lifelike they have done. Very judicious, too, was their choice of Mr. Sydney Valentine to deliver the lines. Mr. Valentine's declamation fairly held the packed audience on the first night spell-bound. His pathos, his

humour, his fire, were all well accentuated and toned. I doubt if a finer performance could have been given by any other of our well-known actors. Certainly no one could have been found on the boards of the Halls to have done so with anything like the same success. It may be worth while to quote a few of Mr. Clement Scott's lines. The prologue opens thus:

"There are men in our dear old England with pluck of the soldier brave,

There are boys who toil in their ships at sea who never have ruled the wave.

It isn't alone in the Services that the merits of England lie.

So I sing in the names of the men who live to the boys who can daily die."

Again, how noble are the lines on the lifeboat man. I give two taken at random from all.

"What is danger to a Briton? What is life with life to save?"

or

" Men die daily for their duty, die to save, like Englishmen."

The same chorus runs through all the couplets, and is taken up and sung lustily by the audience to a swinging tune, though the last line, I must say, is suspiciously like "'E don't know where 'e are."

These are the men who can do or die,
These are the boys who save—
Heroes, some on our dear old land,
Some on its circling wave
Thinking how little of life and love—
Nothing of profit or loss.
Ask of your Queen—she will grant it, lade—
A new Victoria Cross."

Yet it is at houses such as these, houses which are placing ennobling and patriotic scenes such as I have tried to describe, it is such places that these Chadbands and Uriah Heeps wish to do away with. Forsooth, the man after his day's toil may not take his wife and family to see such sights, if he does, and they would he couldn't, then he at least is to be miserable and not be permitted to have his pipe or glass of beer. Faugh! It is revolting to think that such people should be allowed to air such pernicious doctrines in this the latter and enlightened end of the nineteenth century, and be allowed to do it, too, without being made to suffer for it.

It is only but the other day that one of these wicked societies succeeded, under some fusty old Act of Charles I., to put an end to the Sunday concerts and organ recitals at the Albert Hall. No, they see sin in everything that does not coincide with their own narrow bigoted minds, and would have us all be miserable and unhappy; and the pity of 'tis that we are abject asses enough to sit quiet and endure it and them. Surely these puritanical humbugs have come nearly to the end of their tether, and it is time they were scotched at least, if not exter-With them minated. music is debasing, pictures are demoralising, and laughter is heinous, that is if any of these enjoyments takes place on the Sunday, or in a place where smoking or drinking is permitted, and yet we are told that this is a free coun-



MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT.

The Adelphi Theatre—the home of the real melodrama, that drama where the hero, or heroine suffers and is hunted about



MISS ALMA STANLEY.

through three or four acts, always to come up victorious and smiling in the last act, where the villain scores all the way through, commits crime as easily as he eats his breakfast, until in the last scene Nemesis, in the shape of a police-sergeant, grabs him and takes him off amidst the

hisses and execrations of an indignant and virtuous pit and gallery -has been successful in its latest production "The Cotton King." When poor Harry Pettitt died but a few months ago, while his latest production "The Woman's Revenge" was in the zenith of its success, wiseacres shook their heads and said we never would find another melodramatist. He has, however, been found in the person of Mr. Sutton Mr. Vane has Vane. been known for some time to provincial towns and to some of our theatres more eastward, and this is his first production in a West-end theatre. The Brothers

Gatti, however, are well satisfied with their choice. "The Cotton King" is dramatic enough to please the most fastidious Adelphi pittite. As most of the melodramas which successfully tour the provinces come from the Adelphi or Princesses, it behoves me to say a word or two about this the latest one, for the



MR. HERBERT FLEMMING.

benefit of my provincial readers, and

their name is legion.

The Fratelli Gatti have spared no expense in the mounting of the piece, and some of the scenes call forth salvoes of applause. The piece is in four acts and eight scenes, the last scene, showing us the interior of the cotton mill with the looms at work, being a masterpiece of

stage craft.

The plot briefly is, Jack Osborn, who is at first owner of the Ashton Cotton Works, and is in love with Hetty Drayson, meets with reverses and losses and becomes a workman in the mill which before he owned. Hetty Drayson is loved by Richard Stockley (the villain of the play), who is the manager of the works. Stockley gets Osborn over in America and shuts him up in a lunatic asylum, and, while he is absent, Stockley traduces him and impugns his honour. Osborn escapes and clears his name of the charges brought against him and fastens the guilt on the rightful owner. briefly is the plot; but to work this out to the satisfaction of a critical Adelphi audience, it is necessary to bring many other characters into the story. So we have one Fonseca, a Jew, and a very fine, generous one, too, totally different to the ordinary stage lew. He is the chairman of a syndicate which buys up the Ashton Mills, and he proves a very good and true friend to Osborn. Then we have Shillinglaw, an engine-driver in the works, who is

discharged for drunkenness and who becomes the villain's catspaw. He is a bad lot; but he has one redeeming point, he is fond of, and sticks to his wife and child, through all his trials. We also are given an old pensioner, one Silas Kent, and his granddaughter, Elsie Kent, the pet of the works, Before we get through the play, we find that Stockley has ruined Elsie, and she and her poor old grandfather both die of broken hearts. The part of Mrs. Drayson, Hetty's mother, enables us to see the return of an old favourite to the stage.



MISS HALL CAINE.

Of course, melodrama, true melodrama would not be complete without the low-comedy merchants; and, therefore, we have Benjamin Tupper, a colour-mixer at the works, and Kitty Marshall, first a servant, but who, having witnessed the feats of a lady Samson at a travelling circus, blossoms into a strong woman herself. Here we have all the principal characters of the play, and they, combined, serve to make one of the real old melodramas dear to the hearts of the Adelphi or Surrey Theatre patrons.

The plot is well marked out and the play is well written; indeed, the English is very much above the ordinary twaddle found in many pieces of this stamp. Look, for instance, at Hetty's description of the death of little Elsie Kent; how beautiful is the wording where she tells how "in a little corner of God's acre stands a small white cross," etc. All this being so, it is needless for me to add that the "Cotton King" is a great success.

Now a word or two about the acting and I have done. Had nothing come of the production, it would, at least, have



MISS MARION TERRY.

enabled us to witness Mr. Chas. Cartwright's performance of Shillinglaw, the disgraced, drunken and discharged engine-driver. We have always been accustomed to see Mr. Cartwright the cool, calculating villain, always, or nearly always, smooth-tongued and smiling, now and then, perchance, showing his teeth if cornered, yet always collected and quiet. Here Mr. Cartwright has a part in which he has an opportunity of showing us he has something a great deal better in him than highclass gentlemanly He has got a villainy.

powerful part and he makes the most of it. In the scene in his cottage, where he hears his wife and child are sick unto death, he scores and scores heavily, and by so doing undoubtedly makes the hit of the piece. His acting is as it should be—true to nature. Mr. Charles Warner is once again the hero, and his Jack Osborn is to be added to his long list of successes. On his return from America, in Act III. the author has given him a fine chance. Mr. Warner has a long speech, somewhat like the one he had in "Drink," in which he describes his sufferings since he landed in America; and he recites as only Charles Warner can recite it. Mr. Edward O'Neill is the new Adelphi villain; and though he plays the part of Richard Stockley for all it is worth, yet one cannot but help feeling he would like to see either Abingdon or Cartwright, both tried and proved villains of the deepest dye, in the part.

Mr. John Carter is the old pensioner, Silas Kent, and his acting is as it ever is, refined, true and telling. Mr. Herbert Flemming as Fonseca is excellent, the part evidently suiting him far better than did Overstone in the "Woman's Revenge." Mr. Arthur Williams as Tupper, and Miss Alma Stanley as Kitty Marshall provide the comic scenes. The first is an old, tried, and popular Adelphi comedian, and whatever is entrusted to his care is sure to be well done. Miss Alma Stanley has astonished us all by her vein of



MRS. DION BOUCICAULT.

humour. One was wont to class her among tragedy queens, or majestic and stately adventuresses, and now she blossoms out as a low comedienne, if I dare apply the word "low" to such a charming and versatile actress. Miss Hall Caine is the Elsie Kent, and a very pretty Elsie she makes. She has a very good scene with Hetty, of which she makes the most. part of Mrs. Drayson is but a small one, but it enables us to welcome back Mrs. Dion Boucicault to a stage long graced with her presence. Hetty Grayson,

the heroine, is played by that talented and gifted actress Miss Marion Terry, who now joins the Adelphi company. The part is a very fine one, and the author and management did well to entrust it into the hands of such an excellent and careful exponent of her art as Miss Marion Terry is known to be. Unfortunately for some little time Miss Terry has been out of the bill, but her substitute. Miss Harrietta Polini, has found herself a very capable understudy, and has pleased



MR. JOHN CARTER,



MISS HARRIETTA POLINI.

everybody by the careful and intelligent rendering she has given of the part. Miss Polini stepped into the breach at a moment's notice and showed thereby not only that there was grit in her but that she was an actress to be trusted and relied upon. It is not every one who could follow the steps of Miss Marion Terry with such marked success as Miss Polini succeeded in doing.



MR. EDWARD O'NEILL.

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## A Buzziedom &

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Strange what a most decided thirst
Some men have for what is found
Within my whole. The crackling sound
Of second, being folded, greets
The ear at home and in the streets.

#### 114. A Word Square.

1. Departed.

2. A large lake.

3. Bites.

4. A trial.

#### 115. Find the following birds :-

I. A rude bird.

2. An untruthful bird.

3. A scholarly bird.

4. A timid bird.

#### Conundrums.

116. When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it?

117. Why does a hen when she has laid an egg resemble a singer?

118. Why is a Damascus sword like a good-natured man?

119. What is that of which the common sort is the best?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th May. Competitions should be addressed "May Puzzles," The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

#### ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

105. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

107. Waste.

Actor.

Stone.

Tonic.

Erect.

108. Nightingale.

109. An L (elt).

110. Because they are tired.

III. A tanner.

112. Cornstalks.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our March Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss E. M. Crisp, Christ's Hospital, Hertford; Miss L. Kochs, 11, The Parade, Tredegarville, Cardiff; Miss M. Polini, 19, Colville Road, Bayswater, London; Miss E. Read, 1, Avenue Road, Scarborough; P. W. Wood, 31, Agate Road, Hammersmith.

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